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OCTOBER 26, 1979

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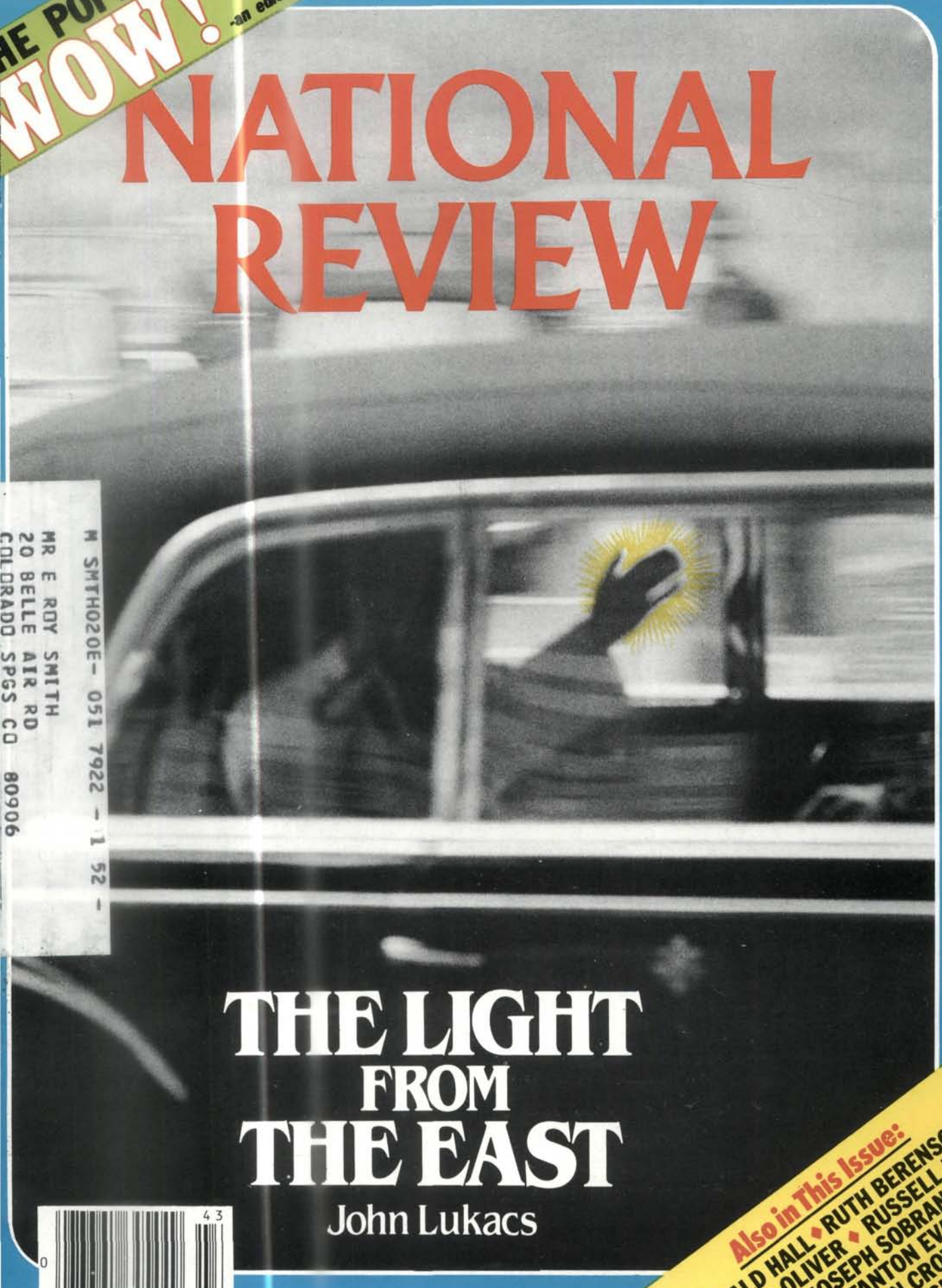
WOW!
-an editorial

NATIONAL REVIEW



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THE LIGHT FROM THE EAST

John Lukacs

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DANIEL OLIVER ♦ RUSSELL KIRK
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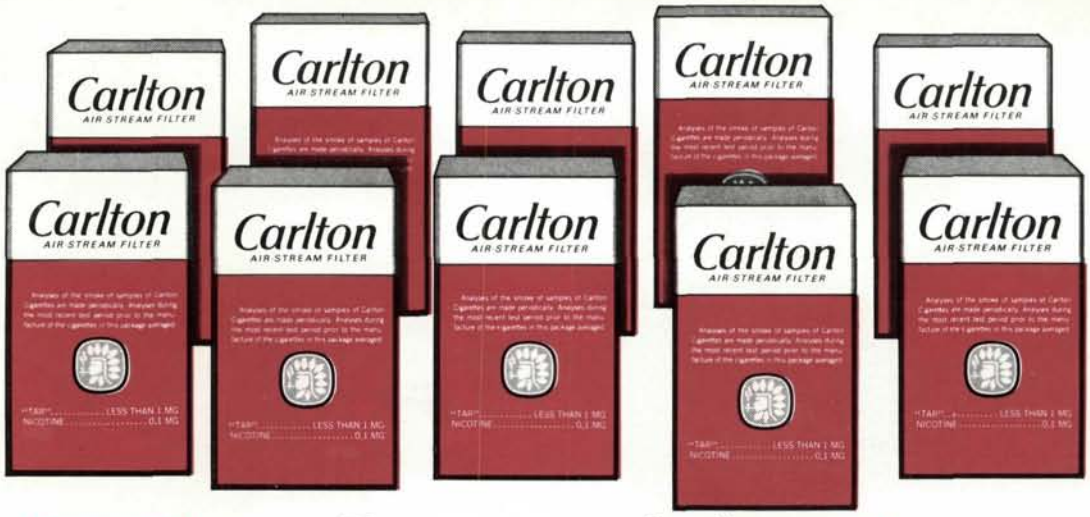

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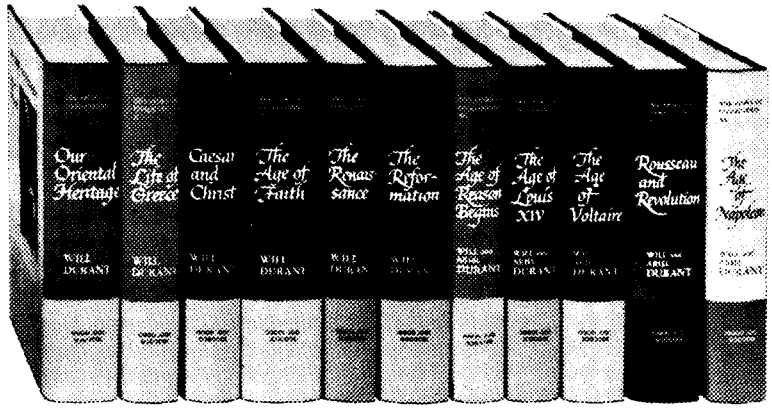

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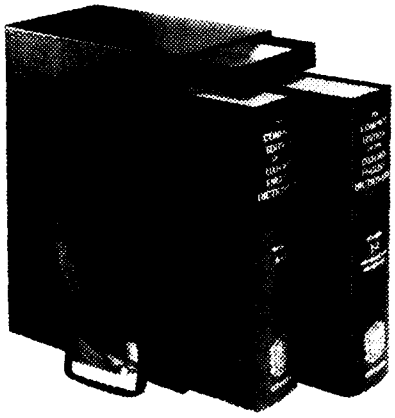

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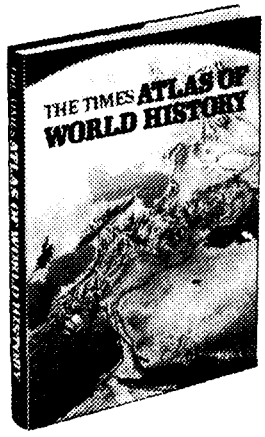

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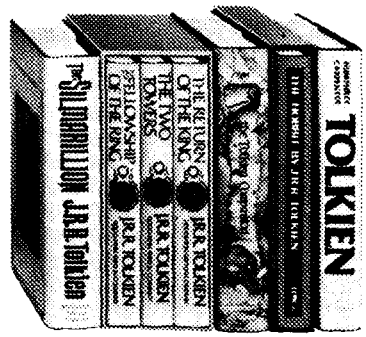

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Letters

Back to Basics

The debate over SALT II has been clouded by so much jargon, by so many esoteric military strategies, that the eyes of the layman begin to glaze over, and he concludes that the argument had best be left to the experts.

But now along comes Laurence Beilenson ("Remember the Hivites," *NR*, Oct. 12) to reassure us that we are perfectly capable of cutting through the jargon to understand the fundamentals of the argument. From out of the murk, Beilenson plucks two insights and holds them aloft for us to contemplate. "If, after deciding to hazard all his worldly goods in a poker game with a cardsharp, John Doe announced that he was relying on a foolproof system to detect cheating, his friends would deem him a fool. When we play SALT treaties with the USSR for our lives and justify our conduct by our ability to catch the Soviets cheating, we are—to be polite—unwise." Beilenson then goes on to document (irrefutably) the sorry record of treaties between nations, and the equally poor performance of intelligence as any kind of guarantor.

His clarity is a godsend.

Daniel deHoya
Appleton, Wis.

Power to the People

No Cheers for James L. Buckley's "Three Cheers for the Snail Darter" in the Sept. 14 *NR*. The tilt is too eco-freakish for an independent conservative.

All that space is allotted to the snail darter, the furbish lousewort, penicillium molds, etc., and so little to the cost efficiency of the possible hydro-electric power generation to be derived from a full Tellico Dam lake.

Let's analyse his sneaky little footnote in which he says ". . . It would add only about 0.01 per cent to the TVA's generating capacity . . . " The key word is "only."

As of September 30, 1978 the TVA system's capacity was 28,355,960 KWs. That 0.01 per cent is 283,559.6 KWs. The present charge on a system average is $31.22 per KW, and a bargain at that. Obviously the 0.01 per cent is no longer a peanut—more a coconut!

TVA estimates the Tellico reservoir would provide 200 million kilowatt hours of downstream power annually, substantially less than Mr. Buckley's own. And don't confuse KWs and kilowatt hours.

I have come to expect more from the Buckley brothers than such low-level editorializing to make their points. From the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *CBS*, and many others, yes, but not from the NATIONAL REVIEW people.

Furthermore, the snail darter has been found in other waters than just those of the Little Tennessee River, and I suspect a very diligent search might turn up some more furbish lousewort somewhere, for whatever that might be worth.

J. B. Jett
Knoxville, Tenn.

According to my calculations, 1/100th of one per cent (0.01 per cent) of 28,355,960 kilowatts comes to 2,865.6 kilowatts, not-283,559.6 kilowatts. Peanuts.

James L. Buckley
Sharon, Conn.

Amnesty Impartial

Many of my conservative friends still labor under the impression that Amnesty International is a left-wing organization. Amnesty is a non-partisan group that works for the release of anyone imprisoned for his beliefs who has not used or advocated the use of violence.

In a few matched Communist and right-wing countries the statistics are: 159 Amnesty adoptees in Taiwan, South Korea, and Thailand v. 11 in Red China, North Korea, Laos, Vietnam, and Cambodia.

Why? Rather than being due to any bias, the reason there is seemingly a greater preponderance of political prisoners in right-wing countries is because it is much harder to obtain information about detainees in the more repressive left-wing states. Because Amnesty is conscious of its reputation and meticulous in checking on the credentials of its adoptees, it has more right-wing adoptees. It is tougher to check out reports of oppression in closed societies like Red China.

This isn't Amnesty's fault: it must work with what it can get to free those unjustly confined everywhere. Interestingly enough, it is a reminder to the United States that the Left is more repressive: a lesson as to the nature of the opposed systems and a rebuke to those who try to equate the two. While it may not be much more pleasant to be confined in a South Korean jail than a North Korean one, those in the former have a far greater chance of gaining just redress of their grievances.

Peter Honerkamp
New York, N.Y.

Debating Tools

Thomas Molnar's "The Death of Marxist Ideology" [*NR*, Sept. 14] moves me to make a few simple observations. The growing disrepair of Marxism can't be consid-

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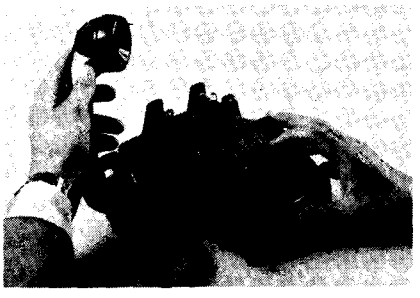

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ered a feather in our caps, because we have done little to meet this ideology head-on during the century or so that its zealots have been propagating it. Perhaps our ideologues consider the stupidity of Marxism to be so self-evident that to argue it would only lend stature to a bankrupt idea. The problem is that bankrupt ideas, like lies, are readily digested by a gullible public.

There are no quick answers to Marxist precepts accessible to the man in the street. How often have we seen otherwise intelligent people sit mutely whilst a glib fellow traveler pontificates on the "irrefutable" ideas of that hirsute old rapscallion, Karl Marx?

Simple, uncomplicated ripostes are long overdue. Let's start by giving Marxism the *coup de grace* it deserves by attacking its Achilles heel, its deterministic premise. Determinism, kicked around by philosophers for two millennia before being adopted by Marx, is simply counter-intuitive, and obscenely reductionist. Let's say so to the glib left-winger.

Cedric M. Poland
Reno, Nev.

A superb piece by Thomas Molnar—"The Death of Marxist Ideology" in the September 14 *NR*. He refers to "the long interview the famous Dutch Marxist moviemaker, Joris Ivens, gave to *Le Monde* . . ."

Ivens had a tremendous impact in the Popular Front Thirties on moviemakers and movie audiences—the elite moviegoers that is. All full of the class struggle.

I think you'd perform a public service if you were to run extracts from this interview. It's like the recantation of Jean Lacouture about Vietnam. The God keeps failing but the Russians become stronger.

Arnold Beichman
Naramata, British Columbia

Full Accounting

I was startled to see the comment about me attributed to Dermot Foley in the otherwise excellent article on our POW/MIAs by Paul Gigot [*NR*, Aug. 17]. Mr. Foley and I have had our disagreements, but we have shared, I believe, a common dedication to achieving the fullest possible accounting for our missing men in Southeast Asia. I have discussed the article with Mr. Foley, and he assures me that his criticism was intended to apply to my analysis of the "Hawaii Briefing" presented to the Woodcock Commission beforeits trip to Hanoi in February 1977, and was not meant to be a general characterization of my work on behalf of our POW/MIAs.

Because the Hawaii briefing is at issue, it may be useful for me to provide additional information about it. The briefing was compiled in 1972 to provide a yardstick to judge compliance with the Paris agreement

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HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN is not available on the newsstands, but is sold by subscription only, for the editors feel that part of its value is its continuing program of fresh, imaginative material.

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provisions on return of our POWs and accounting for the missing. It listed our men lost in Indochina by categories based on our estimate of the degree of knowledge which the Communist side should have about them. The top category included nearly all the POWs who were subsequently returned, some six hundred in all. It also included 179 others who were not returned. Many of these men had been listed by the Defense Department and military services as POWs, based on information at their time of shoot-down or subsequent reports. However, none of our returning POWs were able to confirm that any of these men had in fact been captured and survived. (This contrasts with the Korean War, after which the returning POWs provided a number of reports of Americans who had been captured but were not accounted for.) The other categories listed men about whom we considered the Vietnamese would have "suspected" or "doubtful" knowledge.

What this categorization tends to obscure is that our efforts to gain an accounting have applied to all our men, regardless of our estimate of the likelihood that the Vietnamese would have information about them. We have provided lists of all the missing, by area of loss. The Woodcock Commission established a procedure through which we have provided detailed case histories, with maps, to assist search efforts. These case files have been drawn from the full range of our missing men, and the Vietnamese responses have pertained to men in all categories.

It should be emphasized, as your article does, that we are not satisfied with the accounting provided thus far. We believe the Vietnamese and Lao authorities can provide more information and recover additional remains and we will continue to press them at every opportunity on this humanitarian problem.

Frank A. Sieverts
Deputy Assistant Secretary for Human Rights and Humanitarian Affairs
Washington, D.C.

Tradition

If D. Keith Mano [*NR*, July 20] "entered every parish church in the New York Diocese," he must have crept in here very unobtrusively, as our numbers are small, and his presence as a visitor would have been noted.

Had he done so, however, he would have found the traditional 1928 Prayer Book in use, without alteration, no Marxist-Christian dialogue sermons from the pulpit, and a sanctuary in which no would-be priestess would presume to appear.

Two words more. Orthodox priests may not marry; married men may become priests. Also, the members of the Church of which the Bishop of Rome is the head are *Roman* Catholics.

The Rev. Fr. Edmond T. P. Mullen
New York, N.Y.

Crystal Ball

Your contents page for September 14 states re Brian Crozier's article on Brezhnev that the Russian ruler will not live to see Jimmy Carter re-elected.

Neither will anyone else.

Hal M. Hale
Okolona, Miss.

Cutting to the Bone

It is good news that NATIONAL REVIEW is to have Michael Novak as a regular columnist. His dissection of the new dogma of equality in "Thinking about Equality," (Oct. 12) was admirable, though I think he could have cut even closer to the bone.

One of the "statist" arguments purporting to show that a society is unjust if it rewards individuals unequally is framed by Novak in the form of a question: "What is the *moral standing* of [an individual's] having been endowed with greater talent, drive, or character?" He seems to think the implied moral objection to giving greater rewards to "natural leaders" is adequately answered by denying that a meritocracy *needs* moral justification. As he says, society "rewards its most talented, hardest-working, most driven, and luckiest citizens not for moral but for selfish reasons . . . not because they are moral . . . but because they lead."

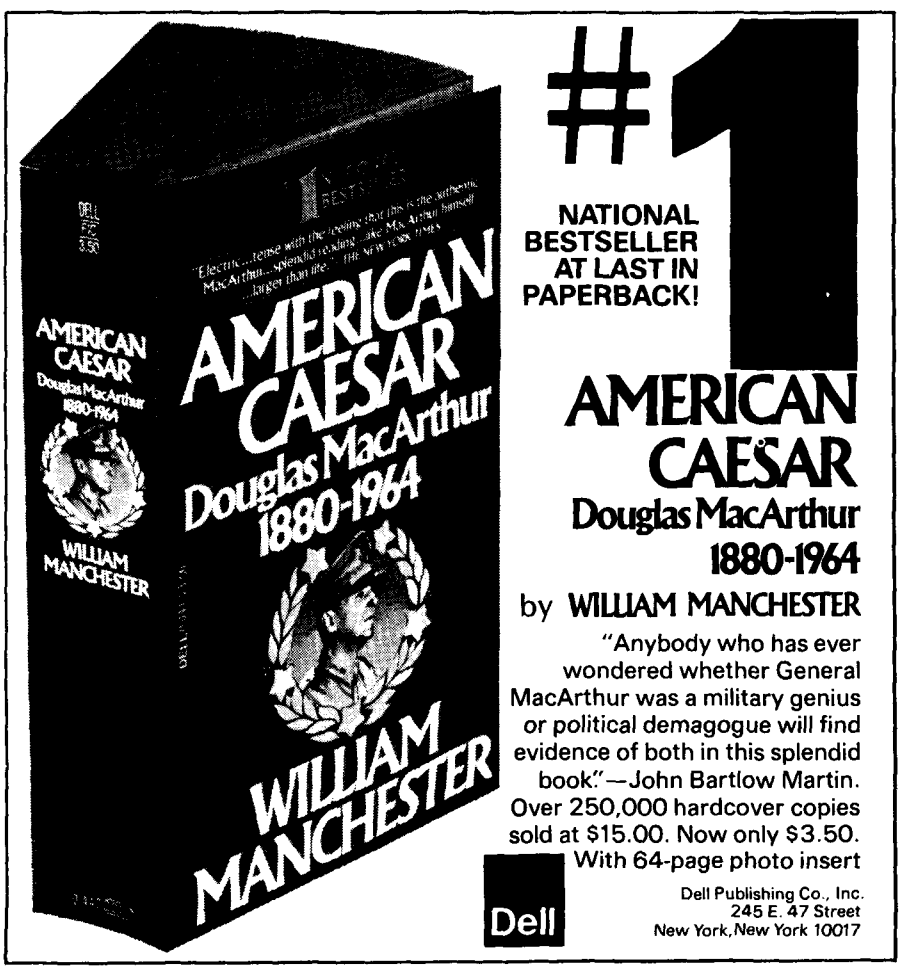
The point is well taken, but I think that Novak may have conceded too much by failing to challenge the determinism embedded in phrases like "endowed with greater talent, drive, or character." To suppose that these are things one might be born with or given—as Glenn Gould was born with big hands or the children of the rich are given material advantages—makes nonsense of our commonsense beliefs about connections among effort, ability, habit, choice, and freedom, connections partially explored by Aristotle. Unless our personal traits are to some extent determined by our own efforts and choices, then praising or blaming people for their traits is not only futile but absurd. But to the degree that our personal traits are so determined, then giving greater rewards to those with socially desirable traits is not only efficient but just.

Eva Ehrsam
Albuquerque, N.M.

More Truth Than Poetry

Re R. L. Conder's piece ["Subversive Nature of Fairy Tales," *NR*, Aug. 31], what's funny? In the oil business, that's the way it is. Who's laughing? Who's crying?

Hal Hansen
Temple, Ariz.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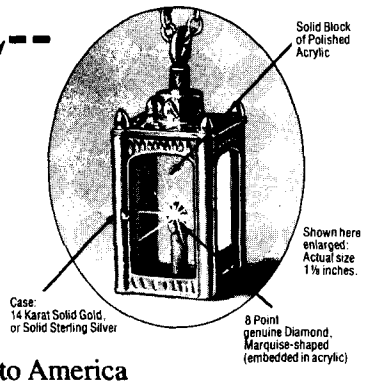
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Our organization — the Limited Editions Collectors Society — made the authentic re-creation. Our artisans used finite drawings, detailed photos, and wax impressions of the one remaining original lantern because the re-creation *had to be perfect*. After all, the Old North Church Lantern is such an important national symbol — it is the "light" that gave birth to America.

We have since sold hundreds of authentic collector reproductions of the famous lantern, with part of the proceeds going to the Old North Church for their building maintenance fund.

In 1978, we created and introduced a small Limited Edition of a new, beautifully crafted "miniature" of the famous signal lantern in the form of an exquisite piece of jewelry — our *Third Century Lantern Pendant*. Each was an extraordinary gift item that was cast of 18 Karat Solid Gold and utilized a beautiful 10 Point Diamond to represent the lantern's flame. They sold for $450 and were completely sold out in a very short period of time.

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The Limited Editions Collectors Society makes all of its exclusive offerings directly to the public. It is a private organization founded by a group of dedicated collectors, art lovers, and historians. The Society creates and markets authentic reproductions of historic artifacts and has received a number of important awards for excellence. In addition to creating the Official Old North Church Commemorative Lantern, used by former President Ford, the Society has been commissioned by a number of non-profit organizations, including the Winston Churchill Foundation, the United States Capitol Historical Society, the Freedoms Foundation at Valley Forge, and the John F. Kennedy Library Fund, to create and market their official commemoratives to collectors.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ **Roper** has come up with two polls the White House won't like. 1) On Soviet troops in **Cuba**, 46 per cent of Americans think it "essential" they be removed, and 27 per cent more think it "desirable"—73 per cent in all. And 2) (and more disheartening) last November 42 per cent of Americans wanted **SALT** ratified (as against 20 per cent opposed). The figures are 39 per cent opposed, to 30 per cent in favor today, after 11 months of the hard sell. . . . According to **Alan Baron**, **Carter** is confident that he can keep a number of prominent blacks in his camp: **Coretta King**, the Rev. **Martin Luther King Sr.**, Mayors **Coleman Young** of Detroit and **Tom Bradley** of Los Angeles, and **Andrew Young**. These, say Baron, could assure Carter of "at least half" the black vote. . . . Carter got a boost last week with endorsement of Sen. **Lloyd Bentsen** (D., Tex.), who likes Carter's approval of a higher defense budget and the decontrol of domestic oil and gas. . . . Ambassador **Patrick Lucey** (to Mexico) resigned quietly last week. **Hamilton Jördan** has an important job for Lucey, the former Democratic governor of Wisconsin, in the Carter presidential campaign. . . . Not everything is going **Teddy**'s way. A *Boston Globe* poll shows than when voters are reminded of **Chappaquiddick** in a Kennedy *v.* Carter match, Kennedy loses five points; when they are reminded of Teddy's high-spending **inflationary programs**, his vote falls 12 points. . . . Another problem, according to **Evans & Novak**, is that the people running the draft-Kennedy movements around the country are not the people Kennedy would have chosen for the job. Problem: How to dump them, gracefully, when the time comes. . . . Will **Lady Bird Johnson** support Kennedy? *Human Events* says no, pointing to the insults the Kennedys dumped on

Shailo, *London Sunday Telegraph* Rothco

"Hardly enough to buy an anti-aircraft missile."

LBJ while he was Veep. Her candidate, says *HE*, could be LBJ's old protégé, **John Connally**. . . . The very end: A **Sindlinger** poll shows Jimmy Carter just barely edging out **Richard Nixon** in popularity: Carter beats Nixon 51.3 per cent to 48.7 per cent.

■ Is **Jane Fonda** just a soppy liberal or is she worse? *New America*, the organ of the Social Democrats, quotes her (in a speech at Michigan State University some years back) as saying: "I would think that if you understood what Communism was, you would hope, you would pray on your knees that we would some day become Communists." When she arrived in Hanoi in 1972, says *New America*, she said: "I come to Vietnam as a comrade." . . . Should know better. Rev. **William Sloane Coffin** (former Yale chaplain), who led a U.S. peace and anti-nuclear delegation to Moscow, has returned, is converted: "The Soviet government is very serious about stopping and reversing the arms race." "The issue of Russian troops in Cuba is definitely trumped up. It's a shameful use of the taxpayers' money." And (SO'S YOUR AUNT TILLY DEPT.) to the charge, "You can't trust the Russians," Coffin replies: "Can you trust the Americans?" . . . The radicalization of the women's movement continues apace with NOW (National Organization of Women) President **Eleanor Smeal** going around making statements like: "We're all fighting the same opponents, J. P. Stevens, Winn-Dixie, right-to-work, and those against civil rights," and "We're going to stop the right wing from exploiting women's issues, once and for all. They're going to wish they never took us on."

■ But the right wing is taking the lefties on. The ever-enterprising **Young Americans for Freedom** have put together a kit of anti-Jane Fonda–**Tom Hayden** material (available from Ken Boehm, YAF, Woodland Rd., Sterling, Va. 22070). . . . **Juliette Zivic** has organized Americans for More Power Sources, Inc., to help counter anti-nuclear propaganda (for info write: AMPS, P.O. Box 501, Manchester, N.H. 03105). . . . **Milton Friedman**'s ten-part TV series, "Free to Choose," the answer to **John Kenneth Galbraith**'s "The Age of Uncertainty," will be on Public Broadcasting stations come January. . . . And the unstoppable **Reed Irvine** of Accuracy in Media keeps asking the *Washington Star*, the *Washington Post*, and *The New York Times* why they failed to report a 15,000-man pro-nuclear demonstration in Rocky Flats, Colo. in August.

■ Incidental information: The business card of **Detrinidad Martinez**, business manager of *Barricada*, the Sandinista newspaper in Nicaragua, is adorned with the quotation from **Marx**: "Revolutions are the locomotives of history."

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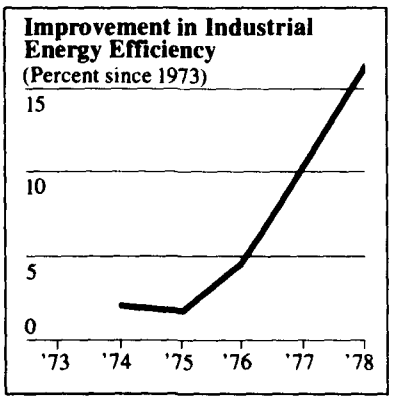

As a result of conservation, industry used less energy in 1978 than in 1973, even though production was up about 12 percent. And industry's share of total U.S. energy consumption has dropped from 40 percent to 36 percent over this interval.

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THE WEEK

■ The election contest is shifting into high gear and the race is neck and neck: Carter—19 per cent; inflation—18.5 per cent. Discounting the reliability of percentages, Carter is reportedly in a feisty mood. Asked if the strong showing of inflation concerns him, Carter shot back, "I'll whip its ass." He did, however, promise not to make depression an election year issue.

■ Heritage Foundation energy analyst Milton Copulos says the same DOE regulations that produced last summer's gasoline shortage are still, er, working. So look for a shortage of home heating oil this winter unless we are saved by a mild or late winter. It is not that we don't have enough fuel—just that it is in the wrong place. DOE has it concentrated in primary storage at the refineries where it can keep tabs on it. Consequently, at the delivery level dealers' tanks were 27 per cent full as of September 1 compared to 63 per cent full on the same date last year. It takes time to deliver the fuel to the hinterlands, and winter may get there first.

■ According to *Politics Today*, the Defense Intelligence Agency is in possession of photographs showing the USSR's development of a new bomber, a swing-wing job with four turbofan engines, clearly an intercontinental bomber that's larger and more potent than our now-cancelled B-1. This new machine is not itemized in the SALT II treaty and is therefore not technically in violation of it, even though Soviet production of the new bomber in quantity would add to the already growing Soviet strategic advantage.

■ And, as if that weren't bad enough, in its October 8 issue, *Aviation Week & Space Technology* reveals that the Soviets have successfully ground-tested electron beams against military targets—ICBM re-entry vehicles, high explosives, and solid materials. Though the Soviets have yet to test their charged-particle beam weapons in the field, it is difficult to overstate the significance of their progress so far. Charged-particle beam weapons, the magazine states, "could drastically alter the balance of power by providing a defense against nuclear-armed ballistic missiles, cruise missiles, and bombers." To show how big a lead the Soviets have on the U.S.: the type of tests they are now conducting aren't scheduled to be attempted by U.S. scientists until 1982.

■ The new president of MIT, Dr. Paul E. Gray, even while his head is a-whirl with electronic circuits and semi-conductors, seems to have his feet on the ground. In a recent interview he deplored the decline of U.S. leadership in technical gizmos and laid the blame on governmental regulation of industry, high tax rates on capital gains, and humdrum criteria established by officials in charge of federal grants for scientific research. He went on to admit that the U.S. does have problems with energy and the environment but denied that their solution lay within the competence of the political process. Rather, the problems call for a reinvigorated application of engineering skills under a free-market climate. No rebuttal, as yet, from Professor Jane Fonda.

■ Mr. David Karr was born sixty years ago in Brooklyn and got his shadowy start on the *Daily Worker* and the *Washington Post*. His career then took him through Broadway producing, public relations, four marriages, hotel management, and business consulting. By 1974 he was, spectacularly, an important business link between Moscow and the industrial world. Working through the international banking house of Lazard Frères, Mr. Karr arranged hundred-million-dollar deals with Moscow and had become in recent years a quiet and unofficial conduit for messages between Washington and Moscow, and between Senator Kennedy and Moscow, on such matters as the SALT treaty, demilitarization of the Indian Ocean, and the emigration of Soviet Jews. Mr. Karr is credited, also, as a chief advisor to Governor Jerry Brown on foreign policy. Mr. Karr successfully arranged for free-world merchandising rights for the Olympic coins to be issued by Moscow next year. His principal legal advisors on that hundred-million-dollar deal were Sargent Shriver and Theodore Sorenson, old intimates of the Kennedy camp. Mr. Karr spent last July Fourth in Moscow, celebrating the opening of his new luxury hotel there, and then went to Paris, where he was found, a few days later, in his apartment, quite dead. His wife suspects foul play. Ian Fleming, where are you?

■ Recommended antidote for the liberal softheadedness syndrome: Take equal parts of Moscow, Peking, and Hanoi policies toward the genocidal starvation of Cambodians; mix with equal parts of the policies of the Pol Pot regime and the Hanoi-puppet regime of Heng Samrin toward the same misery of millions. Shake well and swallow; never tipple again. If there is nothing else clear about the Cambodian tragedy it is that all five of the Communist regimes involved in it take a totally cynical attitude toward it, placing their own strategic objectives above the welfare of the people, preferring to let them starve rather than run the risk of cooperating with outside donors of aid. Moral: Competition among Communist nations does not lead to moderation of their objectives or methods nor to compromise with human rights or charity.

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

You've stopped at the perfect place. Today we are dispensing, no questions asked, prescription-strength tranquilizers. After you've had a warm bath and a good meal, find a comfortable chair and read the following slowly: Teddy Kennedy will probably *not* be the next President of the United States.

Feel better?

Before adducing the supporting evidence, let's be clear about the proposition we are here supporting. We are saying no more than that Teddy's chances are less than 50-50. That's saying enough these days.

Now to the cases. At the moment the Kennedy boom is a media apparition. It produces ink, therefore it is. Columnist Richard Reeves put it best when he wrote recently that the press had "drafted" Kennedy. Not voters, not political leaders (liberals), not political bosses (neo-conservatives), but the galloping knights of the keyboard have created the Kennedy candidacy. The media coverage has been both bizarrely slanted and unconsciously hilarious.

Consider these memorable fragments from the *Washington Post*, a leader in the draft-Kennedy movement: 1. "Kennedy had appeared briefly, earlier in the evening, and was mobbed by the usual horde of admirers—mostly media people." (This from a supposedly hard-news report on a Democratic Party function.) 2. "A halo of light engulfed him, and moved with him, formed by the portable lights of a small knot of television cameras recording the scene." (Funny thing about television lights: they hit most candidates harshly, showing up gray hair, fatigue lines, sausage-wrapped waistlines. The halo effect is said to be quite rare.) 3. "More than a score of reporters only inches away from the Senator, kept pace, trampling some of the paying customers." (One thing a political reporter worth his salt will never tolerate is letting mere voters get between him and the Senator.)

All of the dizziness surrounding the Kennedy candidacy suggests the obvious, that Kennedy has nowhere to go but down. How long, after all, can a national figure generate headlines by getting a note from his mother giving him permission to run? How long can he inspire fancy think-pieces by saying that he will judge Carter on the basis of fourth-quarter economic stats . . . only 24 hours after reporting that all of his advisors assure him that the trend lines are plunging irreversibly southward? How long can he expect anybody but the dizziest of press broads to perceive him mincing along under an engulfing halo?

The answer is not long, friends, not long. Let it be noted that the wisest words on this subject came more than a year ago from John P. Sears, the campaign maestro for Ronald Reagan. Sears was adamant that Teddy would run in 1980, not 1984 as the political community almost universally believed. Sears's judgment was based on his understanding of Teddy's problems. Sears understood that Teddy could not afford to be the center of attention, the object of close and sustained inquiry. Teddy's career is marked by redundant demonstrations of character weakness. Chappaquiddick and college cheating are only part of the problem. For several years in the early Seventies Kennedy conducted himself irresponsibly, as if he never expected to run for national office. He was photographed with other women, wrecked his marriage, and misbehaved in semi-public situations. Just as important, Kennedy's career in the Senate, once promising and always over-praised, has petered out. The major bills that now carry his name are media-magnets rather than strong candidates for passage. His tenure as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, a reflection of his Senate seniority, has been oddly unproductive.

The only way for Kennedy to win, according to Sears, is to bustle into a confused political scene, exploit his media glamor and snatch the prize. Quickly. In 1984, the process would be stacked against him. He would have to face the prospect of a long, slow-building campaign, a campaign in which everybody—everybody—would have time to learn all there is to know about him. Thus it had to 1980, not 1984.

If 1980 is the right year, however, the circumstances are not exactly what Kennedy had in mind. Carter's stone-like drop in the polls was too much and too soon. It brought Jerry Brown panting onto the track and forced Kennedy to make his own move earlier than planned. On one side there were the party pros who told Teddy last summer, "We need somebody better than Carter. You're our first choice. We won't move on to our second choice until Labor Day. Give us a jingle." On the other side there was Brown, also young, also media-savvy, also Catholic, who was positioning himself as the Carter alternative. Kennedy gave the pros a jingle.

And now the media, upon whom Kennedy had relied to sell his campaign to the gullible public, have dealt him a stunning blow. In a month-long profusion of puffery they have made him in October 1979 the odds-on favorite for November 1980—just what he didn't want to be. —CATO

■ The Ayatollah Khomeini has been saying some grotesquely brutal things lately, which is not unusual, but which, in the wake of the Pope's visit, is especially discordant. The contrast between John Paul's homilies and Khomeini's rantings is so stark as to be melodramatic, even farcical. But Khomeini is dead serious. Asked by Oriana Fallaci in a *New York Times* interview how he could justify the execution of an 18-year-old homosexual for sodomy, he replied, "Corruption, corruption. We have to eliminate corruption. I believe I have demonstrated pity. But for those . . . there is no pardon, there is no pity. In Islam, we want to implement a policy to purify society." Has he never felt sympathy for anyone, demanded Fallaci? "During my long lifetime, I have always been right about what I said." Wow, the Pope is infallible only in matters of doctrine.

■ Those 1980 Olympics may not turn out to be the grand propaganda extravaganza Brezhnev & Co. are banking on. Amnesty International has declared war on Soviet political repression and, in an open letter to Brezhnev demanding the release of all political prisoners,

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stated its intention of using the Olympics to keep the spotlight turned on Russia's handling of its dissidents. For a starter, Amnesty charges: a) that all 19 Soviet citizens who took upon themselves the job of monitoring Soviet compliance with the Helsinki accords are now in prison or in exile; b) that not a single person tried in a Soviet court for "hoolinganism," "parasitism," or "anti-Soviet propaganda or agitation" has ever been acquitted; c) that political prisoners in jails and hospitals in and around Moscow are being shipped to the hinterlands lest they manage in some way to contact an Olympic visitor; that d) the Ukrainian physician Mykola Plakhotnyuk—up for release—has been told that "until the Olympic games have been held, there can be no rush in your case." This, warns Amnesty, is just the start of its campaign.

■ The *New York Daily News*, with its tabloid emphasis on prurience and violence, claimed for many years to have had the largest daily circulation of any paper in the country. But it has now been outdistanced by the *Wall Street Journal* (paid circulation: 1.6 million), whose readers get a kick out of eyewitness accounts of the real thing: Washington's continuing acts of criminal assault on the national economy, weird rites of bondage and s-m practiced by the IRS, and the forcible rape of the dollar.

■ Americans didn't even wait for the "standby" rationing in the wings to start conserving fuel. For some abstract reason, they're using dollar-a-gallon gasoline more sparingly than they used to use fifty-cents-a-gallon gasoline.

■ First, Jesse Jackson kissed Yassir Arafat. Then he fell ill in Beirut. *Post hoc ergo propter hoc*? Or was it Jehovah's Revenge?

■ Then there was that picture of Brezhnev kissing the East German boss Erich Honecker. And the photo of Carter kissing Brezhnev. Just what revolution are these guys backing?

Is the Pope Catholic?

Pope John Paul II's visit caused the kind of excitement that might have been expected if Charles Lindbergh and Douglas MacArthur had come home together, accompanied by the Beatles. Not since the first moon landing a decade ago have the nation's spirits been so high. And like the moon landing, the Pope's visit is a reminder of how seldom Americans nowadays feel they have occasion for public rejoicing. America said in effect: Thanks, Your Holiness, we needed that.

But the Pope was here on a pastoral mission, not a vacation. For all his warmth and humor, he remained purposeful, and he showed he has the sophistication and sheer magnitude to exploit the enormous reaction he excited. At one level he was conducting a subtle duel with the mass media that helped make his trip the event it was. Whatever message he wanted to deliver had to "carry" through the media which, after all, mediate reality to America. It is too early to say who won; it may be that nobody has, yet.

As filtered through the media interpreters, the lesson of the Pope's visit is as follows: we should go all out for disarmament and redistribution because the Pope is a great moral teacher and he mentioned peace and charity, but we should disregard what he says about abortion and contraception because all that stuff is a residue of Catholic sectarian dogmatism. Everyone, in fact, could find something to like: the UN delegates seemed cool to the grandiose notion of human rights, but they heartily applauded the more limited and concrete idea of Palestinian rights. Jimmy Carter, whose campaign for the Presidency included some Pope-baiting in *Playboy*, took the Pope's words on disarmament as endorsing SALT II, possibly because Carter ignored the word "prudent."

At the level of formal meaning, John Paul was simply reiterating traditional Catholic ideals in modern terms. A plea for charity is intended to give moral orientation, not to ignite instant policy decisions. To take such a plea as requiring global redistribution is like taking a plea for human rights as requiring a posthaste declaration of war on the Soviet Union.

As we see it, the visit of John Paul II bore a double message whose structural import is at least as weighty as his explicit dicta. No nation went unrebuked. His criticism of the selfishness widespread in consumer societies was, among other things, an announcement of his intention that the Church shall be an independent force in the modern world, speaking to that world on the Church's own terms.

This part of his message emerged during the first half of his American visit. The second part of his message came into the open during his western swing to Philadelphia, Iowa, Chicago, and back to Washington. In it he reaffirmed Catholicism's traditional positions on sex and the family. His bluntness startled everyone, including those who agreed most fully.

In this aspect of his mission to the United States, however, the Pope accomplished something quite special. He contradicted the usual practice of ecumenism by the bluntness he adopted on those issues, but he gave a new meaning to ecumenism by his extraordinary warmth of manner and his evidently overflowing good will.

It does not seem to us coincidental that two of the most commanding figures in the contemporary world come from the East, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and John

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Paul II. They are very different kinds of men, but they have both seen the abyss and they speak, in large part, with the authority of their extraordinary experience. It is natural that disagreement exists and will persist on this or that position taken by these men, but no disagreement exists on the quality of their being, or their importance to everyone.

Grande Peur in GOP

The prospective presidential candidacy of Senator Kennedy has had a curious effect among a substantial number of Republican activists. A sense of resignation before the inevitable Kennedy victory has become peculiarly widespread. A Kennedy candidacy had been thought to strengthen John Connally, but the present mood is working for Ronald Reagan. In one way or another, these days, you hear the sentiment expressed that since Kennedy is going to win anyway, why not let Reagan go ahead and have the race for which he has worked so long.

This Republican pessimism about a contest with Kennedy is entirely unjustified (see "Cato"). Kennedy, of course, has impressive poll statistics—now. But in the summer of 1976, Jimmy Carter had a 32 point lead over President Ford, and nearly blew the election. A little sober thought about the approaching campaign is very much in order.

First of all, in the general election, against a credible Republican candidate, Kennedy would pick up few if any of the 130 electoral votes of the 11 states of the Old Confederacy. He would be expected to sink without a trace in the conservative states of the Rocky Mountains and Plains region and also in Texas. Kennedy strength would emerge in the Northeast, but he would probably lose Maine and Vermont. The election might well be decided in the Midwest, in the border states, and in California. It would probably be uphill for Kennedy, for example, in Illinois and Indiana. Ohio could be a swing state.

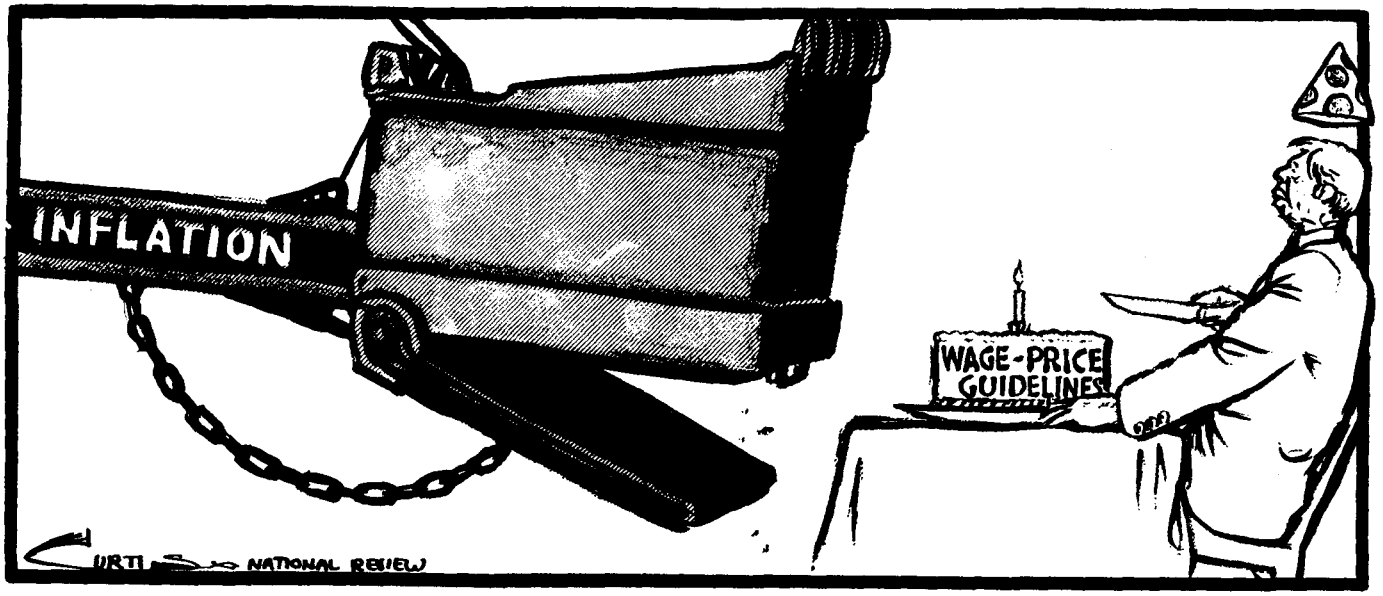
Second, the political slugfest is just beginning. As everyone now knows, Carter isn't much of a President but, on the record, he knows how to run in the primaries. Already, Kennedy forces in Florida have been surprised by the thoroughness of the Carter operation there. In Florida and elsewhere federal posts, largesse, and influence will be felt in the political scales. For Kennedy the road through the primaries seems likely to get both rough and dirty.

The increasing prominence of Rosalynn Carter in the campaign is a portent. There is no Kennedy equivalent. The Carter Georgians can be expected to play tough state-by-state politics. In the recent pattern, they are not *party* loyalists, and if they begin to go down they can be expected to hack a few pieces out of Kennedy on the way.

So far, the media have concentrated on the will-he-or-won't-he coverage of Kennedy, but things are going to change there. A lot of media people will be out to prove that they were not selectively tough on Nixon. Already, some whiffs of sulphuric prose have been directed at Kennedy.

In the British *Sunday Telegraph*, to cite an example, Peregrine Worsthorne, one of the most distinguished journalists in England, says openly that Kennedy's "private life is well known to be deplorable." In the *Washington Post*, Nicholas Von Hoffman indulged himself in a spasm of vituperation. Von Hoffman thinks that after four years of a Teddy Kennedy White House we would be ready for Khomeini.

And things are just beginning. Far from coasting to the nomination and the White House, Senator Kennedy could be destroyed as a political figure.



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The Fed Changes Its Horse

The runaway price of gold, a plummeting dollar, and ultimatums sent back from the Belgrade conference by the West Germans and Arabs have prompted a fundamental change in Federal Reserve policy. Of the three changes announced the evening of October 6 (known as the Saturday night package), the one percentage point increase in the discount rate and the application of reserve requirements to liabilities, such as repurchase agreements and Eurodollar borrowings, are less significant than the announcement by the Fed that it was going to control bank reserves and let the market determine interest rates.

For years the Fed has tried to control the demand for money by pegging the federal funds rate. In inflationary times, the federal funds rate has lagged behind the expected rate of inflation, so there has been plenty of demand for credit. To keep its pegged rate from going higher, the Fed would have to create money to meet the demand, thus fueling the inflation.

Now the Fed says, no more. It is going to control the supply of money directly by controlling the supply of bank reserves and let that interest rate rule that clears the market. If the Fed actually does what it says it is going to do, it will have control over the money supply, making it possible to drain inflation from the system. As inflation declines, so will interest rates.

If the Fed does not stick to its newly announced policy of controlling directly the supply of money, the increase in the discount rate will do nothing on its own.

The question is whether the Fed will stick to its last if faced with a growing recession. A coalition of labor, Naderites, and civil rights groups is forming to push a stimulus package consisting of public works, public jobs, and aid to cities. If they succeed with the upcoming election-year Congress, it will add to the budget deficit that must be financed. Unless the private demand for credit is zilch, the Fed would have to go back to printing money.

Keep your fingers crossed that the fundamental change in Federal Reserve policy can survive the liberal-Left interest group push for more big government. One hopeful sign is that the House subcommittee on Domestic Monetary Policy, led by liberal Democrat Parren Mitchell, wrote to Chairman Volcker last month that it is essential for the Fed to move away from interest rate targets and directly control the supply of money. Now that Mr. Volcker says he intends to do just that, we will find out if Representative Mitchell meant it.

Ruminating with Cy Vance

Sometimes I think, How much can I endure?
I warned them Jesse Jackson shouldn't go.
My wife says I should take the water cure . . .
Why did I *ever* mention "status quo"?
Brzezinski is a sneaky so-and-so;
He calls me "Chamberlain" behind my back.
O Lord, to be Disraeli and to know
The Queen would give such noisome chaps the sack.
Now think-types at Defense have joined the claque:
Imagine selling China modern arms!
Sam Nunn's become a raving maniac.
Damn Cuba! I'll go *deaf* with these alarms.
Of course, we can't see *everything* they do,
But I can trust the Soviets. Can't you?

W. H. VON DREELE

Chilean Foul-Up

This one is negative all the way, and not much can be done about it. The State Department is currently appealing a decision of the Chilean Supreme Court, which ruled against the extradition of three high-level officers accused of arranging the 1976 murder of Orlando Letelier, a Communist agent, in Washington.

Legally, the issue is complex, involving both plea-bargained evidence and international law. The 1902 Extradition Treaty with Chile as well as precedents before and after appear to exclude extradition in this case. In practical terms, Chile is certainly not going to send, among the three accused men, its former director of intelligence to Washington to stand trial. Would he plea-bargain with Ben Civiletti? Would he go on *Meet the Press*?

On the other hand, it was ugly to have even a Letelier blown up on the Ellipse, within earshot of the White House. And an American citizen was killed in the operation. All this was clumsy and outrageous.

The Chileans have refused extradition. The Left is having a field day. Our relations with Chile have been foolishly damaged. Bad news all around.

This entire affair, most unfortunately, has hit the headlines at a time when the Chilean economy is showing signs of spectacularly good health. In a lengthy analysis carried in the October 5, 1979 *Wall Street Journal*, Everett G. Martin, that paper's South American correspondent, describes the systematic implementation of economic reforms by a team of Chicago University-trained Chilean economists. Inflation has been cut from 1,000 per cent under Allende to the present 30 per cent. Capital investment, production, imports, and exports are all rising. Tax cuts and tax reforms have been carried through. We appear to be witnessing what Martin calls "a daring gamble by Chile's military government to turn the country into a laboratory for free-market economics" —a daring gamble, perhaps, but also a successful one.

It is at this point that, because of the Letelier affair, the *Boston Globe* calls editorially for an embargo on U.S. investment in Chile, U.S. moves to block multilateral investment, a diplomatic freeze, etc. But for the U.S. Gov-

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William Rusher, David Keene and Stanton Evans were among the well-known conservatives who showered Buckley with a barrage of outrageous barbs that brought loud guffaws from the large and lively crowd. Mike Wallace (of "60 Minutes" fame) and Allard Lowenstein were also there and chipped in with their best shots, giving you a good idea of the cumulative effect Buckley has had on liberals through the years (yet it all adds up to a kind of wry tribute). And Henry Kissinger in person completed the basting with some acidly "diplomatic" digs. Buckley's reply to all this is masterful—he ends up roasting the roasters—and you have to hear it to believe it.

Tapes of the Buckley Roast have never been easy to come by, but now, for as long as they last, we are making our supply available with a special renewal offer that is hard to best. You get this high-quality tape (comes in a standard 90-minute cassette) absolutely FREE and postpaid simply by renewing your subscription to *National Review* for another year *regardless of when it expires.* That way you'll be guaranteed no interruption in service, and you'll also be the happy owner of a recording that you'll play over and over again yourself (and will certainly want your friends to hear!).

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ernment to use the Letelier murder as a pretext for economic and political warfare against Chile would be a) counter to our own national interest; b) tragic, to the degree that it interrupted Chile's economic recovery; and c) unlikely to accomplish anything much as regards the Letelier affair. At this point, our wisest course, though not an altogether satisfactory one, would be to make a strong diplomatic protest and then drop the matter.

From Cuba with Love

1. Why is it that politicians in a democracy seem to possess so feeble a grasp of the essentially political nature of Soviet behavior?

In his TV speech on Cuba President Carter, echoed by scores of commentators, assured us that those Soviet troops pose no military threat to the U.S. or to any of the nations in the Caribbean area. For the time being, that is no doubt true. They lack, for the moment, an amphibious capability.

But such assurances are beside the point. The meaning of those Soviet troops is political, not military.

By refusing to accommodate Carter in any way, the Soviets indicated their priorities. The message was very clear. The Soviets indicated that their relations with the U.S.—SALT, detente, and all the rest of it—are less important than their imperial venture in the Third World. Potential Soviet allies in the vulnerable Caribbean region doubtless got the point. The Soviets will not draw back, whatever Washington thinks.

In his speech, Carter also sent a clear signal. In fact, he reversed Soviet priorities. Stressing SALT and pleading for "peace," he indicated that our relationship to the Soviet Union remains the number one U.S. priority. The Soviets are more important to us than we are to them. Carter's TV address was perfectly appropriate—appropriate for the leader of a client state.

2. A client lacks capacity for leadership, which in turn depends on strategy, i.e., knowing where to go and how. The Administration lacks strategy. Brzezinski bisects it into two watertight compartments—a) "to obtain a good SALT agreement," and b) "to meet, as appropriate, Soviet challenges where and when they arise." But the two are really inseparable. On October 1 Carter applied the same bifurcation of strategy. "The brigade issue is certainly no reason for a return to the cold war," he said. Put aside whether the cold war ever ended. If a "return to the cold war" is latent in the Soviet brigade issue, then it springs from the Soviet introduction of it and not from our response. By extension, the cold war must be even more latent in the Soviet posture in Ethiopia, Angola, South Yemen, Afghanistan, and Indochina—or is it only latent in a possible American response?

This does not concern Carter, who proclaims that "the greatest danger is not the two or three thousand Soviet troops in Cuba . . . [but] . . . the breakdown of a common effort to preserve the peace and the ultimate threat of a nuclear war." Wrong. Wars arise out of real conflicts on the ground, not out of the failure of generalized efforts (e.g., Kellogg-Briand Pact or the 1922 Naval Treaty) to preserve the peace. The greatest physical *damage* does inhere in a possible nuclear war, but the greatest *likelihood* of unleashing that nuclear war springs from real conflicts in real places. Strategy's first concern should be with the "likeliest trigger" of war rather than with the horror of the "biggest bang." Carter has it backward. He sees only the final precipice—not the steps leading to it. He doesn't see that to say regional Soviet challenges are unlinked to SALT is to say they are so unimportant as to have no bearing on strategic force levels. This in turn implies that we have no strategy to meet those challenges—which is why Carter's October 1 address feeds the fear that SALT (in Washington) pours, not from grand strategy, but from no strategy.

The Brezhnev Ploy

With SALT now in the U.S. Senate, Brezhnev is maneuvering on the next round of strategic push-shove. While celebrating East Germany's thirtieth anniversary to the clomp of goose-stepping, jack-booted Germans right out of the 1930s, the Chairman suddenly announced a unilateral twenty thousand-man, one thousand-tank reduction of Soviet forces in Germany—which, of course, we couldn't verify any better than we verified Soviet forces in Cuba for some years. Next, he casually turned one corner of another card—an unquantified reduction of unidentified Soviet medium-range missiles west of the Urals if, repeat if, NATO refrains from deploying *any* new nuclear missiles. Then he coyly hoped NATO would "properly assess" this goodwill initiative rather than deploy any new missiles which would "vitiate [sic] the international atmosphere in general."

What's the matter with that? First, the troops and tanks need withdraw only to Poland or Czechoslovakia —no shift in the European balance. Second, we already conceded the Soviets their 308 extra-heavy ICBMs as part of the *quid pro quo* for excluding from SALT II allied regional nuclear systems and U.S. aircraft based in Europe. Third, the USSR has already replaced over a hundred old regional missiles with modern triple-MIRVed SS-20s which are so far unmatched in the West. Conclusion: Brezhnev's goal is to distract NATO before its scheduled December vote to deploy five hundred American cruise missiles and 72 new Pershing missiles.

Will we fall for it? Give credit where it's due. President Carter, under SALT pressure in the Senate to appear tough, seems to see through the game. What

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Brezhnev is offering, said he, "is to continue their own rate of modernization as it has been, provided we don't modernize at all." Of course, this is the same Carter who, three weeks ago, set his chin against the status quo in Cuba and last year suspended neutron-bomb development in hope of a Russian response, which he got in the form of a contemptuous anti-linkage snort from Brezhnev.

But Brezhnev's real target is the Europeans, especially Germans, whom he wants to split away from the U.S. The Europeans want leadership and constancy from the U.S.—currently in short supply. On one hand, they fear that the U.S. plunge toward an intercontinental strategic deal with the USSR could de-couple European and American defense roles. On the other, there is the prospect that in the wake of a SALT defeat, the Administration, having no strategy beyond SALT itself, would be left wallowing without course or headway. How to harden the President's initially correct response to the Brezhnev ploy? Between them, the Germans and the U.S. Senate might do it. Chancellor Schmidt has looked Brezhnev's gift horse in the mouth, noting that Soviet "obsolete missiles are being replaced by mobile, MIRVed modern rockets." Germany is ready for the new generation of American missiles, provided only that one other NATO country will share them. As long as SALT is pending in the Senate, the Administration is susceptible to senatorial advice. The Senate could help to keep the Administration on the straight and narrow by holding up on SALT and expressing strong support for going ahead with deployment of the new missiles to Europe. Then it will be Brezhnev's move.

Verification Tautologies

"Overall, the Committee finds that the SALT II treaty enhances the ability of the United States to monitor those components of Soviet strategic weapons forces which are subject to the limitations of the treaty." Thus spake the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence of our ability to monitor (not verify) SALT II. In other words, we can monitor the treaty compliance better with the treaty than without it. File that under damning through tautology. The question needing an answer was: "Can we verify (not monitor) Soviet compliance with the treaty's terms? No ifs, ands, or buts." The answer is clearly, "No." The Committee never even once used the conclusive word, "verification," only the operating technical word, "monitoring." This is the result of becoming hooked on the formula of verification by "national technical means."

The report mentions past verification failures and deliberate—even persistent—Soviet deceptions to avoid precise compliance. The Soviets failed to dismantle old ICBMs as newer ones were deployed and resisted at every stage as we tried to force them to comply. There is reason to believe that the Soviets routinely cheat on precise conformity with SALT I terms in order to force the U.S. to protest, thereby enabling the USSR to monitor our monitoring—revealing the effectiveness of our "national technical means." Of course, we cannot reciprocate since the Soviets have wide open access to information in the United States.

The report was a compromise between pro- and anti-SALT elements, and probably the final report will reflect the same ambiguities, leaving individual senators to decide how to vote on other grounds or on the basis of their own instincts.

Mind Destruction in the USSR

When Joseph Stalin was around, a popular tactic of Russian dissidents was to pretend nuttiness and get sent to a mental hospital rather than suffer through a stint in the Gulag. Over the past two decades, however, Stalin's more tolerant heirs have added a new component to their repertoire of repression: "special" psychiatric hospitals. Today, most dissidents prefer prison, the labor camps, or Siberian exile to the newest dose of Soviet medicine.

There are at least 11 of these institutions operating in the USSR. They are indeed special. Unlike the regular mental clinics run by the Ministry of Health, these houses of healing are operated by the Ministry of Internal Affairs, which also runs the police. Political and religious dissidents are routinely declared insane, often for the most trivial acts. They then are kept apart from each other and housed with the criminally insane and other severely ill mental patients. They are "treated" with debilitating drugs designed to induce illness and weaken the will, and told that if they will only recant their anti-Soviet positions they can leave. Yet in the face

Teddymania

Sometimes I fear this country favors kings:
The nicest people fail to show concern.
An entourage is champing in the wings
Hell-bent on stuffing Jimmy down an urn.
De Toqueville prophesied we'd take this turn
As mass democracy came into bloom,
While on the campuses, professors yearn
To see the prince assume the Oval Room;
Then, from the cold remoteness of the tomb,
Dynastic strategies will be fulfilled.
Americans can curl up in the womb
While Teddy gestures, and the waves are stilled.
As I await this fateful rendezvous,
I note the mob went wild for Caesar, too.

W. H. VON DREELE

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of this brutality there are a number of resisters fighting back. One of these is Sister Valeria Zoroastrovna Makeyeva, a fifty-year-old Russian Orthodox nun arrested in June 1978 for "engaging in a prohibited trade." Valeria's grave offense was selling religious belts embroidered with the words of the 90th Psalm: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." She used the proceeds to support two convents and help needy Christians.

After three months in jail she was sent to the Serbsky Institute for Forensic Psychiatry in Moscow for examination. The authorities claimed she was suffering from "psychopathy with a deep change of personality" and declared her "non-accountable" for her actions. Then, last April 12 the People's Court of the Kirov Region in Moscow ordered her to be indefinitely confined in the Kazan Special Psychiatric Hospital east of Moscow.

According to released dissidents about 10 per cent of the population of these mental hospitals is made up of religious and political prisoners. There is little or no information on many of them.

The Christian Committee for the Defense of the Rights of Believers, a Moscow-based religious group, made a public appeal on Valeria's part to the West last April. They themselves risked the wrath of the authorities for wryly pointing out the sickness of a system that feels threatened by a few words of prayer.

In the West, Amnesty International has adopted her as a prisoner of conscience and exiled dissident Aleksandr Ginzburg is helping organize a campaign to free her.

At this time, reports indicate that Sister Valeria has received injurious drug treatment which has resulted in paralysis on her left side.

Before she was sentenced she wrote her cousin saying she dreaded her return to a psychiatric institution. "Makeyeva wrote me from prison that this time it would be better if she were pronounced sane and sent to a labor camp," wrote Viktor Cheveryev in a letter to the West. "She was afraid of a psychiatric hospital, realizing that for her it would be death or complete maiming [mental]."

If there's enough pressure from the West she might yet escape the newest Gulag. You can write to her expressing your support, and to the government protesting her confinement:

1) Valeria Makeyeva
Spetsialnaya Psikhiatricheskaya Bolnitsa
Tatarskaya ASSR
g. Kazan 420082
ul. Yershova 49
uchrezhdeniye UE-148/ST-6
USSR (This letter will also be read by the Prison Hospital Director.)

2) Minister N.A. Schelekov
MVD
ul. Ogareva 6
Moscow, USSR
(This is the Minister of Internal Affairs.)

PETER HONERKAMP

Cuba, Resolved

If, when your peasants botch it,
You're offered tons of wheat;
If, when you sneak in missiles,
You're never labeled, "cheat";
If you insist computers
Just help you shovel snow,
You'll understand why Brezhnev
Told Jimmy where to go.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Bill:

Among the many misspellings of my name, none is more intriguing than the *NR* version ("Josiaph" in Allan Crawford's piece on the Ripon Society). Whereas Josiah means "God will save [him]," "Josiaph" transliterated back into the Hebrew would mean "anger will save." Is this a bilingual pun? If not, is the error typographical or heretical?

Yours,
Josiah Lee Auspitz
Somerville, Mass.

■ To: WFB
From: CW
You will want to see Mr. Kantor's letter and, perhaps, my reply.

Dear Sirs:

In the March 18 issue of your esteemed magazine, the words "Spiro Redux" appear above a David Brudnoy review of the film *Network*; in your February 18 issue, Karl O'Lessker's review of a book by Robert Nisbet is entitled "Genius Redux." Now the word "redux" has a pleasing sound, conveying (to my ear at any rate) a certain strength, crispness, and assuredness. Unfortunately, I really haven't the foggiest notion what it means, and neither for that matter do the *Webster's Third New International Unabridged* and the *Random House Unabridged*. I did manage to locate this obscure creature

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in the *Oxford Unabridged*, but the definition given there, the return of a diseased organ to a healthy state, shed no light on the reviewers' intent with regard to either Spiro Agnew or Robert Nisbet. Accordingly, I would be very grateful if you would 1) define this word (and don't tell me it means the return of a diseased organ to a healthy state), and 2) explain why it has become so popular of late.

Very truly yours,
Robert H. Kantor
Palo Alto, Calif.

P.S. A descent into verbal obscurity is most distressing in a publication that has always been synonymous with hard-hitting, straightforward prose. What ever happened to our simple, sturdy friends apodictic, energumen, immanentize, and prescind?

Dear Mr. Kantor:

Thanks for your interest in keeping our muscular prose straightforward. Actually, "redux" is scarcely obscure, but it is a Latin word, defined in Lewis & Short's *A Latin Dictionary* (Oxford) as "II *Pass., that is led* or *brought back* (from slavery, imprisonment, from a distance, etc.), *come back*, *returned* (freq. and class.): facere aliquem reducem, *to bring back*, Plaut. Capt. prol. 43; id. 2,3,77; 3,5,28; 5,1,2; 11; id. Trin. 4,1,4; Ter Heaut. 2,4,18; ab Orco in lucem, id. Hec. 5,4,12; quid me reducem esse voluistis? (i.e., *from exile*), Cic. Mil. 37, 103" and so forth. "Redux" was brought into the American language and popularized in the early 1970s by John Updike with his best-selling novel, *Rabbit Redux*. It has fallen to NATIONAL REVIEW to vulgarize the word during the last couple of months.

The reason that we were willing to perform this dubious educational function is straightforward: the book review editor's brains are not up to striking off nine fresh, non-derivative titles every fortnight.

Cordially,
Chilton Williamson Jr.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

I need you to answer this question for me right away if you can.

Does money=power?

My teacher told me this also. He said Communism is capitalism. I'm confused.

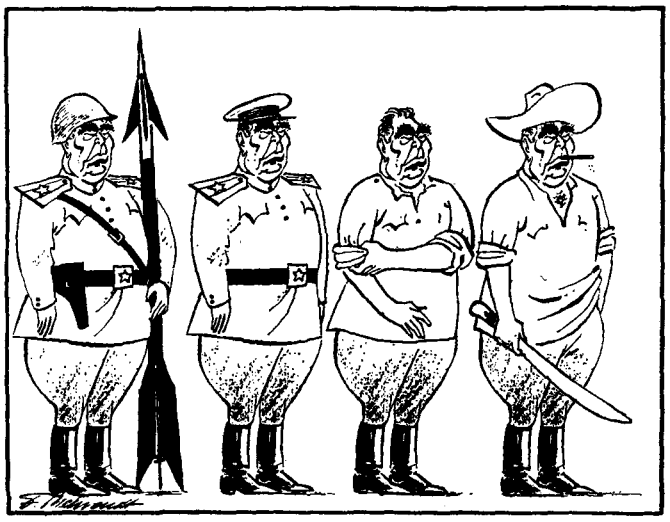
Could you explain? Thank you.

Cordially,
Sonia Ruelas
Fremont, Calif.

Dear Sonia: No, I can't explain. I'm confused too.
Cordially
WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I was recently condemned to a public high school. A required course in my freshman year is social studies,



Behrendt, *Het Parool* Rothco

"Our presence in Cuba . . . is just a matter . . . of economic aid."

which is taught from a textbook entitled *Afro-Asian Culture Studies*, written by Erwin M. Rosenfeld and Harriet Geller.

Leafing through my new book, I noticed a large chapter on the USSR. I have always been interested in this country, and (voluntarily) read the section with zeal.

When I came to the following I was rather surprised.

> With the development of nuclear weapons, responsible Soviet leaders have realized that war would mean the end of life on this planet . . . . The Russians have struggled too much to achieve their present power to allow all this to be destroyed by a nuclear war. Soviet leaders still look forward to the day when the world will be made up of only Communist states, and capitalism will cease to exist, but they agree that neither war not violent revolution is the means to bring this about. Their present policy is called "peaceful co-existence."

Throughout the chapter there are parts which are tactfully left vague. But this particular passage leaves no doubt in which direction the authors' sympathies lie.

I thought you might be interested in knowing the type of propaganda that is being circulated in our public schools today—or *is* it propaganda?

Sincerely,
Cathy Caridi
Olem, N.Y.

Yes, Cathy, it *is* propaganda. Tell your teacher that the Soviet Union has recently backed violent revolution in Cambodia, Angola, Mozambique, Rhodesia, Yemen, and Afghanistan, and has approximately one thousand offensive missiles aimed this way, one of which, if they go off, will, if all's right in the world, land on the addlepated noggins of Miss Geller and Mr. Rosenfeld.
Cordially,
—WFB

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Neo-Appeasement

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

IN THE 1930s, Neville Chamberlain, Lord Halifax, and others upon whom History has declined to smile used to try to place Hitler by making concessions, in the mistaken hope that he would therefore desist from further conquests—and above all, refrain from waging war on the democracies. This type of political behavior became known as Appeasement.

Today, appeasement in a different form is with us; and to distinguish it from the earlier variety, let's call it neo-appeasement.

The main difference, of course, is that today the power to be appeased is no longer Germany but the Soviet Union. But neo-appeasement is complicated and perhaps more subtle than the older kind. One form it takes is the appeasement of the appeasers (*cf.* the "expropriation of the expropriators"). In other words, if somebody (say, President Carter) is appeasing the Soviets, then neo-appeasers will refrain from saying so in the hope of appeasing President Carter.

Having defined the phenomenon, let me give some examples of it. The prototypal neo-appeaser affects not to notice the hypertrophic armaments program of the USSR, uses the word "detente" as though it depicted a reality instead of a fiction, and treats the Cuban military adventure in Africa as an autonomous eccentricity of Fidel Castro's instead of as a brilliantly successful Soviet operation.

Giscard's Role

Perhaps the prototypal neo-appeaser, in all his glory, doesn't actually exist anywhere: he/she is a composite of individual attitudes. But neo-appeasers, in the plural, do. The case of President Valery Giscard d'Estaing is an interesting one. On the record, he is not prototypal, but his intermittent neo-appeasement is instructive. Years ago, before achieving his present eminence, he was president of the Grande Commission Franco-Sovietique and, as such, dedicated to the proposition that Frenchmen can and should get on with Soviets. Neo-appeasement: in his press conference of May 21, 1975, the French President was asked about tentative plans for a Common European Defense structure. He replied that he quite understood Soviet concern over this issue and had said so to Brezhnev when they had met not long before at Rambouillet Palace outside Paris. Indeed, he went on, he thought his country's diplomats had been wrong in discussing this idea in the winter of 1974 as this had caused a sharp Soviet reaction.

Not long after his press conference, Giscard went to Moscow, and (emboldened by the final act of the Helsinki conference) went so far as to interpret detente publicly as implying a relaxation of ideological tensions. A furious Brezhnev thereupon snubbed him by cancelling part of the pre-arranged program. Thereafter, President Giscard held his peace. And yet, as I say, he is not prototypal, and was sufficiently aware of Western interests, and sufficiently bold, to give French military support to King Hassan of Morroco, who has twice courageously intervened to defend Western lives threatened by Cuban-trained guerrillas invading Shaba (Katanga) province of Zaire.

I cannot leave the subject of Giscard without drawing attention to the remarkable interview he gave recently to *Paris-Match*. The diligent reader will find thought-provoking passages about the demographic pressures the world will suffer in the next century, and the need for France to bow out gracefully from the high consumption society; but will not glean a clue about the threat to France and the West from the sustained ideological hostility of the Soviet Union. Neo-appeasement? High-minded philosophical idealism? Who knows.

SALT II brings out a rash of neo-appeasement. From the European standpoint (let alone the specifically American), it is a bad, a dangerous document. It suited the Russian negotiators, for obvious reasons, and the American negotiators for less obvious ones, that only weapons capable of reaching either party's soil should be regarded as "strategic." Exempted by this semantic dispensation, the Russians trained their enormously destructive SS-20s upon West European targets, the point being that the SS-20 cannot reach the U.S.A. I am not alone in holding that a missile which can destroy all of NATO's military installations in less than an hour is more than "tactical" (or "theater") would imply. But that is the situation the European members are stuck with as a result of SALT II. In fairness to Henry Kissinger, when the latter led Nixon to SALT I and Ford to Vladivostok, it was on the assumption that the U.S. would go ahead with such weapons as the B-1 supersonic bomber and the enhanced radiation warhead ("neutron bomb"), and not limit the range of the cruise missile. President Carter having discarded the B-1, halted the neutron bomb, and voluntarily limited the range of certain cruise missiles, the assumption behind SALT I has gone by the board.

No Nyet from NATO

One has to repeat these things because the facts, abstruse and difficult though they are, are well known to the experts who advise European premiers and defense ministers. Yet in public, even Mrs. Thatcher joined Chancellor Schmidt in welcoming the SALT II Treaty. And Lord Carrington, Britain's foreign secretary, stopping off at New Delhi on his way back from the Tokyo summit, told the press he hoped the treaty would be ratified by Congress. He added: "I think that those who mistrust the Americans' capacity to look after their own interests seem to assume that the United States are bent upon committing suicide, which doesn't seem to me to be a very likely state of affairs." Likely or not, the behavior of the current American Administration does appear to fall short of a determination to survive. One wonders whether the European allies of the United States really feel as sanguine about SALT II as they say in public. I have reason to doubt it. And if they do not, yet say they do, is that not another example of neo-appeasement?

In a world free of neo-appeasement, our statesmen would spell out the dangers of SALT II, ban Western transfers of technology to the Soviets, increase defense budgets, and expel all Soviet spies. In the world we actually live in, such remarks will doubtless be labeled "unhelpful"—the ultimate pejorative euphemism in the jargon of our bureaucracies. □

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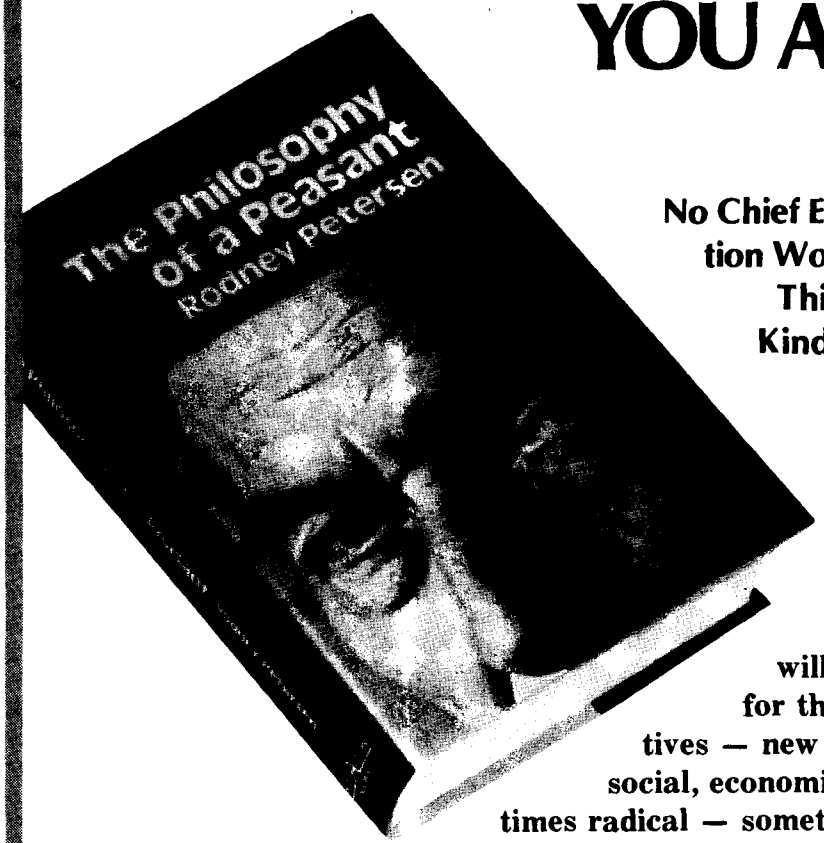

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THE LIGHT FROM THE EAST

John Lukacs

THE POPE arrived in the United States on the first day of October.

Forty years before that day, on the first day of October in 1939, in Poland the crackle and the boom of guns stopped. That day the last Polish soldiers, begrimed and ragged, dropped their arms. The pall of death spread over that melancholy country. The Germans, a new, brutal breed of Germans, had conquered it. Their then allies, the Russians, a new, brutal breed of Russians, poured in from the east. Between them they divided Poland. In Cracow, the sacramental city, the German viceroy of Poland, Hans Frank, set up his retinue and palace. The Russians would deport thousands of Poles. The Germans would tell them that they were slaves, close their schools and most of their churches, for the purpose of starving their spirit, and not only their flesh, into submission. Karol Wojtyla, a plain Polish draftee from around Cracow, was among those millions of potential slaves.

Forty years later he is the Pope, the ruler of the Catholic Church, the Bishop of Rome, the only remaining true monarch in the world. The cardinal-bishops of Germany worked in the conclave for his election. The Germans are gone from his homeland but the armed might of Russia is still there, having forced a Communist government upon the country. That government was constrained to receive this Pope, the former Archbishop of Cracow, when he elected to visit his homeland. A flood of millions rose across the country, gathering to greet him. A generation of Communist rule had passed. Hitler and Stalin are dead.

Now he arrives in the United States on a triumphal visit. He lands in Boston, the hub-city of the American intellectual tradition, seat of the richest and most famous university of the globe, repository and representative of the scientific view of the world, according to which the economy of man is determined, his biological evolution ineluctable, democracy means the progress of education, men and women are programmable and their history ultimately predictable. Oh you ghosts of President Conant, Justice Holmes, Professor Skinner, watch the Polish Pope flying in from the East.

I AM A historian, not a theologian. "How many divisions has the Pope?" Stalin once asked that rhetorical question. He stole the phrase from Napoleon. *Qui mange du Pape en meurt.* This was often true, perhaps even of Napoleon. I cannot take much comfort from it. The Catholic Church is good at arranging spectacles. What their consequences will be I cannot tell.

I remember the Eucharistic Congress in Budapest in 1938. What a glorious May week that was—resplendent Masses, with masses of people under a brilliant blue sky, the gold of the sun pouring through marble columns, shining on Cardinal Pacelli, who would be Pope Pius XII within a year, on dignitaries in ancient Magyar dress, on the Regent, on girls in peasant costumes, Boy Scouts, choirs, an outpouring of pride, sentiment, hymns, faith. Still: 1938 was Hitler's year. The Congress came and went, two months after his conquest of Austria, four months before his resounding triumph at Munich. Among the delegations of the visiting faithful there were Germans, carrying their holy banners and an occasional swastika flag. "These German Catholics give me a pain," my mother said—or words to that effect.

But all of that was long ago; and I remember one other sentence from our family party. That day we had with us a relative, Anna néni, Aunt Anna, a nun.

"It is not given to us to know everything," she said.

RUMINATING in St. Helena, Napoleon said that the future may belong to the United States and Russia. Tocqueville had developed that prediction at the end of the first volume of his immortal *Democracy in America.* Ninety-nine years after Napoleon died, Karol Wojtyla was born. The predictions seemed to have come true. The two great prophets, world leaders of the twentieth century, were Wilson and Lenin. Neither had much respect for Popes. When Wilson, triumphant, visited Rome in 1919 he made it clear that he did not wish to call on His Holiness. Forty years later a call on His Holiness had become the necessary routine for every American presidential candidate; and the son-in-law of the leader of the Soviet Union would visit the Pope. Sixty years after 1919, a giant figure of a Pope will enter the White House to meet a skittish and anxious American President,

Mr. Lukacs is a historian teaching at Chestnut Hill College in Philadelphia.

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four years younger than the Pope but somehow looking preternaturally old.

The visit is a milestone. But is it a turning-point? We live in an age of visits at the summits, of the airplane, of public relations. Air Force One meet Shepherd One. Number One meet Number One. The King and the Queen of England visited the United States three times during the last forty years. What difference did their visits make? In October 1965 a Pope, Paul VI, visited New York for the first time. Certain people tell me that the event was unforgettable; that day New York ground to a standstill. Perhaps. Ask other people from New York: remember 1965? What happened in October 1965? "Of course I know," they say. "The great blackout." The first city-wide failure of electricity blots out many things, including the first visit of a Pope. For millions it was the first whiff of the end of the modern age, of the secure certainties of the technological order of the world.

On September 25, 1979, seven days before the arrival of

He comes to America from the East, a witness to certain truths, like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—the erstwhile Polish draftee and the erstwhile Soviet captain. Ex oriente lux

John Paul II in New York, the Associated Press carries a story, which I read in my local Pennsylvania newspaper, about a Polish-American parish in Staten Island. Before the weekly bingo game in the church hall, the pastor of the parish raffled off 75 tickets for the Pope's Mass in Yankee Stadium. Of the more than two thousand people in the parish there were 213 applicants for tickets. "You know," the pastor said, "many people would rather watch it on television." The pastor put 213 numbered balls in a wire cage, pulling out 75, calling out the winners. "Many players never even looked up. They were busy reading the boards for the Early Bird Special, the evening's first game, or stacking their chips. As the drawing continued, the players' chatter grew louder. Finally, Father H. stopped calling out the names." The headline runs: "Bingo Comes First, Pope's Raffle Second."

This is one level of reality, television evolution in the age of the masses. But while evolution may be predictable, history is not. Who would have foreseen—fifty years ago, one hundred years ago, two hundred years ago—that the giant figure in this world in 1979 would be the Pope, a Pope from Poland, having come to the center of events from the benighted and Communized eastern marches of Europe, from a people that Americans have made a butt of their jokes? Not Hitler, not Stalin; not Lenin, not Wilson; not Napoleon; not Robespierre, not Jefferson, not John Adams, not Louis XIV. Perhaps Poe foresaw, Edgar Allan Poe, our tragic, American, unfinished Poe:

> But there arose in our pathway a shrouded human figure, very far larger in its proportions than any dweller among men. And the hue of the skin of the figure was of the perfect whiteness of the snow.

These are the last sentences of the *Narrative of A. Gordon Pym*; a vision of a Christ-like figure standing at the end of the world. We are now about to receive the Vicar of Christ at the end of the modern world.

It is, alas, not the Church which stands out from the modern world and shines in contrast to it. It is the Pope. *Pontifex triumphans*, not *ecclesia triumphans*.

John Paul II is the last monarch in the world. There are a few kings and queens left, here and there, almost all of them in northwestern, Protestant, bourgeois Europe: but, let us be honest, they are, all, figureheads now. Even the Queen of England. Respected, remnant figures, largely powerless, no longer governant, rarely governing, heads of state for ceremonial occasions, they are traditional celebrities, no longer the fathers and mothers of the families of their peoples; ready to resign any moment if their peoples would so demand; like that proverbial Saxon king, unready to grasp the reins, to command their peoples in the event of a great crisis, of a monstrous threat.

And yet this abdication of monarchy has taken place at a time when the democratic masses are waiting for a leader, for a father-figure whom they could admire and trust and follow. Two thousand four hundred years ago Aristotle saw this, that monarchy has a natural attraction for democracy. It is true of the democracy of the United States, in spite of its legendary republicanism. This country has often resembled an elective monarchy, whose people are forever looking for a fatherly figure and for his family, in order to celebrate them as few monarchs have been celebrated in the modern age. When Franklin Roosevelt died people fell on their knees in the street; a priest was quoted who said that the late President ought to be beatified. When John Ken-

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nedy died many people said that he was a martyr, and some of them thought that his martyrdom was a sacramental one. A king is a sacramental figure, not merely a ceremonial one; and in an age of atomized individualism, of mass democracy, of dissolving families, of untrustworthy politicians people yearn for the presence of a father.

See the pictures from Ireland, infinitely moving even on television: a crowd of people spreading as far as the eye can see, a youthful crowd out of that ancient and gnarled race, youthful because they are filled with joy. It *is* the greatest event in the history of their generation, and something more than ceremonial. Their faraway king has come to see them, to touch them, to kiss their ground. The last time something like this happened was in 1851, when Queen Victoria, three years after the passing of that awful catastrophe, The Famine, came to see her Irish people. It is recorded that the people of that tortured and depressed land, even after centuries of English insensitivity and oppression, even then in the wake of the greatest catastrophe that the English, albeit unwittingly, had allowed to be visited upon them, welcomed the Queen with a kind of quiet warmth. She was, after all, a Mother; not their real mother, perhaps, but not someone entirely different, either, a kindly Stepmother who is preferable to no mother at all. And now, again, this occurs, but differently. The Irish people are surprised by joy, their distant Father has come, to visit them for a day or two, flown in in the belly of a big steel bird. I can well understand the chill and the gloom that must penetrate into the hearts of certain Ulster Protestants as they watch the spectacle. It is, I fear, no longer the Old Contempt, the proud dismissal, the No Popery as they contemplate the ceremonial vestments, the popish idolatry, that double-peaked cathedral of a tiara on the head of the man. They must know, because they can see, that this man is a monarch, more powerful even than their Queen; he is the Distant King of the people of Ireland, and perhaps of much else besides.

My American Protestant friends and relatives—how different is their sentiment from that of their grandfathers! Their respect for the Pope is so great, so sad. Unlike their ancestors, they no longer question his authority, his saintliness, his goodness. What saddens them is not that the Catholic Church is too rigid or too authoritarian, but that its representatives so often seem unspiritual, that they are trying to be of this world, assiduously impressing their fellow-citizens that they, too, are regular fellows, television-watchers, diners-out, credit-card-holders, convention-goers, eager businessmen, basketball coaches, football fans—accepting the television-Englishing of the Mass, divesting themselves of their religious clothes and habits and traditional convictions. My American Protestant friends and relatives yearn for the presence of men and women whose convictions spring from a spirit that they believe to be eternal and true, who can infuse meaning into this world because they are not wholly of this world. This is what they see in the Pope.

How strange and miraculous this is! A century ago the Pope was the prisoner in the Vatican, suspected and shunned by the government of Italy, a man in a gilded cage in Rome. During the last world war no one dared to touch him, not even Hitler. In 1943 Hitler said to his confidants that there were three powers in Rome: Mussolini, the King, and the Pope, and that the Pope was the most powerful of them all. In the midst of the war Mussolini felt obliged to allow eminent citizens of the Allies, his enemies, American diplomats and the Archbishop-Cardinal of New York, to pass through Rome, to and from the Vatican. In the midst of Hitler's Europe the Vatican was a safe house and an island of flickering light. The German writer Hochhuth, who wrote a long critical historical drama about the role of Pius XII during the war, criticized him not because he was too powerful but because he had not exercised his power enough. Great Expectations!

There is something in the history of civilizations that resembles the life of a man. A civilization, too, has its youth and its old age. The end and the beginning of life are two extreme conditions; and at the end of an age some of its beginnings appear again. Fifteen hundred years ago the civilization of our ancient ancestors was on its last legs. The end of the Roman Empire was in the wings. The emperors had long ago lost their power, and the ruling caste its authority. The Roman monarchy and the Roman aristocracy were wan and weak. And when the thunder of death broke over the Alps, when the Hun Attila appeared with his hordes in the north of Italy, there was no one who could go to meet him with authority except the bishop of Rome, the Pope, that elective monarch who a few decades before had been but the head of a small sect.

Something like this may happen again. I don't know. What I think is that there exists an element of something like this, an element of trust and hope and expectation, in the hearts, even more than in the minds, of many people who see in the Pope the last real monarch in the world, the last King in the West.

And he comes to America from the East, a witness to certain truths, like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—the erstwhile Polish draftee and the erstwhile Soviet captain. *Ex oriente*

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lux: from a portion of the world where not so long ago many intellectuals had chosen to see the new light of egalitarian justice for the masses. Stalin, that Asiatic monarch who had little more than contempt for them, put up some of these intellectuals, self-chosen émigrés and exiles, in the fleabag Hotel Lux in Moscow. There was not much *lux* in the Soviet Union, in those dark semi-Oriental streets. The true light has begun to appear now, a wholly different kind of light, at a time when the begrimed electric bulbs and the shameless neons have begun to flicker out in the West, when the West is bedeviled by what people call with the idiotic name of an energy shortage, whereas it is, in reality, a shortage of the spirit.

I WENT TO the office building—a skyscraper—of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia to pick up my press card. The place was humming; secretaries were chattering, wearing fancy boots, tight sweaters, red rouge, blue mascara. At a stop the elevator doors opened; before they closed again I had a glimpse of that particular floor. The brass sign on the wall read "Institutional Procurement Service." I glimpsed all kinds of revolting artifacts on shelves, behind them a motorized exercycle, with price tags, a useful thing for the rectory, no doubt.

Downstairs I got a large packet of a folder, the press release, produced by the Communications Center of the Archdiocese. (In the Beginning Was the Word. In the end is the Communications Center.)

There are all kinds of depressing things in that packet. The first of the releases ends with these two sentences: "In October 1979, Cardinal Krol hosted a celebration in Philadelphia for Pope John Paul II's historic visit to the United States. Approximately a million people gathered in Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Parkway to pay tribute to the first non-Italian Pope in 455 years." Suppose they gave a party and only fifty thousand came? No matter: if it is in the publicity release, it must have happened, it will happen. The Word Was Made Flesh; the publicity machine does one better, it releases the future.

Monsignor Jaworowski, pastor of St. "Addlebert" Church (consistently misspelled in the release) "spoke fondly of the Holy Father."

"He has the charisma of a leader that makes you feel like a million dollars." There follows the description of a Polish-American banquet that some of the priests and their friends gave Cardinal Wojtyla when he last visited the United States. "The parishioners feasted on stuffed shrimp, filet mignon, and dishes of polish (*sic*) delicacies including golabki, peerogi, and kielbasa. The dinner was held at a local restaurant, The Casbah."

In the release entitled "Papal Visit Will Strengthen Ecumenism," a Dr. Rufus Cornelson, Executive Director of the Metropolitan Christian Council of Philadelphia, says: "I think the trip will be extremely important ecumenically. We are living in a world of pluralistic cultures. . . . I think that he, and the office he holds, is able to relate the Church most effectively to a pluralistic world." By which, I assume, the author means that the Catholic Church, Holy Rollers, Buddhists, Bolsheviks, believers in Hare Krishna, Lesbianism, Billy Graham, the Guru, all amount to the same thing.

A Dr. John C. Stetler, Conference Minister and President of the Pennsylvania Southeast Conference of the United Church of Christ, says: "We look at the visit of the Holy Father as fathering the hungers of the human family." Whatever Dr. Stetler means (this is not easy to assess), at least he did not say "parenting."

In the entire release packet Article # 1 is the Biography of John Cardinal Krol, Article # 2 is "Pope John Paul II's relationship with Cardinal Krol." There is a release on Copernicus, another on Kosciuszko, and two sheets listing the Polish-American parishes in Philadelphia and its surroundings.

Mother Teresa, not an ecumenicist, once said: "All our words will be useless unless they come from within—words which do not give the light of Christ increase the darkness."

The age of aristocracy has not really been succeeded by the age of democracy. It has been succeeded by the age of bureaucracy. This bureaucracy has now infected, penetrated, enveloped the Church. It is now devouring its organs of substance, much as sugar decomposes the sinews of the diabetic. There may be more bureaucracy in an American archdiocese than in the entire Vatican. What goes on in this skyscraper of a building is what goes on in the skyscraper of a huge business corporation. The cult of bureaucracy in the democratic age—and this is different from the ancient Roman or the Chinese or the Czarist or the Prussian bureaucracies—is the cult of popularity; and the cult of popularity is the cult of cowardice. It reeks of the decay of the spirit.

Like other monarchs in great and tragic times of history, he still inspires the people, though no longer his bureaucrats and barons. He knows the limits of his power over those who pretend to believe in him

It is this bureaucracy, not the laity, that has debased the language of the Mass. The Pope said in Dublin: "The most sacred principles, which were a sure guide for the behavior of individuals and society, are being hollowed out by false pretenses concerning freedom, the sacredness of life, the indissolubility of marriage, the true sense of human sexuality, the right attitude toward material goods that progress has to offer." "Everybody wants the full freedom in all the areas of human behavior and new models of morality are being proposed in the name of would-be freedom." Are the bureaucracies listening? "Marriage for priests," one of them told me some weeks ago, "is just around the corner." This skyscraper is filled with people at the very time when there is but one seminarian in this country for every three twenty years ago. Many Catholics abandoned their habit of churchgoing during the last ten or 15 years; many priests and nuns abandoned their religious habits. The people may yet re-

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appear in the churches. Will these priests and nuns reappear in their religious habits? I doubt it.

How many divisions has the Pope?

This monarch has now little or no control over the real beliefs of his aristocracy. Like other monarchs in great and tragic times of history, he still inspires the people, though no longer his bureaucrats and barons. He knows the limits of his power over those who pretend to believe in him. Like a monarch. He remains true to those who believe in him. Like a father.

In the darkening evening, I listen to the radio station which is tidying up the news of the Pope's day in Philadelphia. The newscaster mentions the long duration of the Mass and the length of the Pope's homily. A priest at the microphone comments: "Yes, it was very long. He brought in everything, didn't he? It was a little heavy for people who were standing there for hours."

How about the Pope? Wasn't it heavy for him? I had been there, a bit bone-weary, straining to hear his sermon as it came cracking and fading through the megaphones. Indeed he spoke about many things: Philadelphia, the Declaration of Independence, the Liberty Bell. The people clapped at times—and odd custom during a sermon—as he spoke. I, too, thought that perhaps he should not have talked about all of those things; it had a touch of the expected routine of a foreign dignitary on his visit to Philadelphia; and he quoted the triad of Life and Liberty and The Pursuit Of Happiness, including that last phrase of the triad that I had, and have, and will always consider as a gust of Jeffersonian guff, the emptiest phrase ever written in a declaration of *independence*, and the source of many things that are wrong in this country. But then I changed my mind. That distant figure on the platform, white but far from being spectral, robust and fatherly, kept on speaking in his booming, slow, careful way. Now he was speaking to these thousands of people against the kind of freedom that is, in reality, a kind of slavery, the very opposite of personal integrity and of independence: against the pursuit of material happiness, against the pursuit of sexual license, against the pursuit of the self-degrading preoccupation with the self.

How tired he must have been, after these interminable long hours, traveling, preaching, praying, traveling, preaching, again! But he was compelled to go on, to speak about these things, to try to exhort people to lead a better and more honest life, returning to this theme again and again. He did not demand these things from his listeners; I felt, deeply, that he was demanding this effort from himself, sacrificing his remnant strength for us, this Father.

There were unbeautiful things this day: the marshals wearing ugly tangerine-colored baseball caps which most of them forgot to remove during the Mass; the young woman of the television crew, giggling as she sat on the shoulders of a man, with another holding her bottom, with her pretty, sharp face, her hair done to a tee, furiously chewing gum; the many young louts in their sleazy sneakers and sleazier shirts, opened down to their bellies, all of them chewing gum, and obviously bored—but I ought to strike out that "obviously" because of what my wife said when I recounted that, too, at home: "They did go there, after all," she said.

There were beautiful things this day: the sudden coming of a golden autumn afternoon after a morning of dark, miasmatic rain; the gentle billowing of the pure and radiant vestments on the podium in that blessed breeze; the silent southwest flight of 13 wild geese suddenly crossing the canopy of the blue sky during the Mass, after the whirr of the police helicopters had died away; above all, the white figure with his eloquent hands, this personal presence of the Vicar of Christ.

The sound of his voice too: that strong, meditated European diction, his careful use of English whose sound was different from the talking sounds we are accustomed to hearing, but somehow it was not really foreign. It was the very opposite of those foreign accents, like Henry Kissinger's, for example, which suggest that their speaker is determinedly trying to get inside the language in order to use it for his own mental purposes, but no less foreign for that. This Pope's accent meant nothing. He was not speaking for himself. He was speaking to us.

To us . . . but who are we? His divisions, his *franc-tireurs*, his guerrillas? His subjects, his followers, his children? How many of us will hear, listen, remember? And is it a matter of numbers?

It is not given to us to know everything. □

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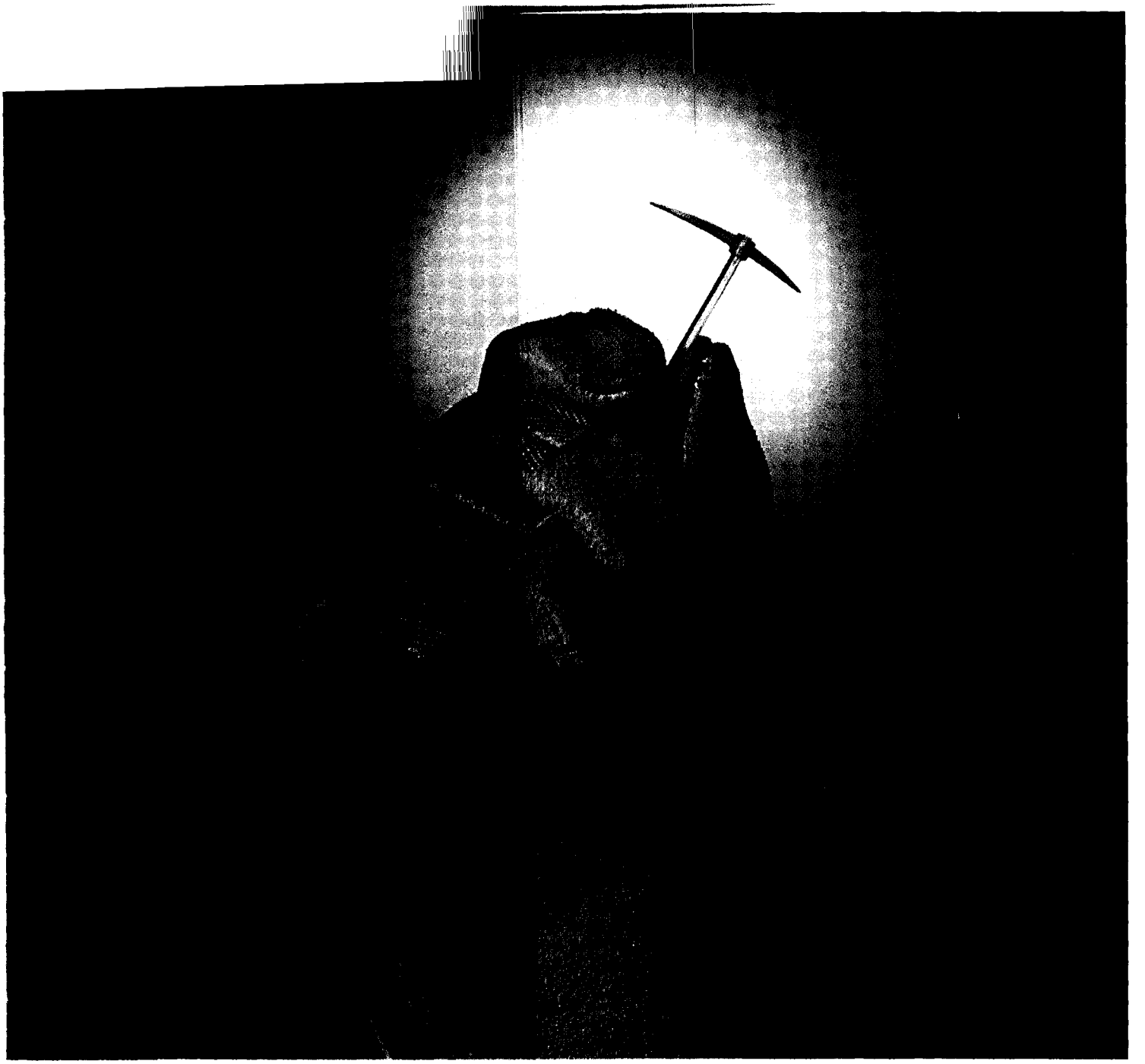

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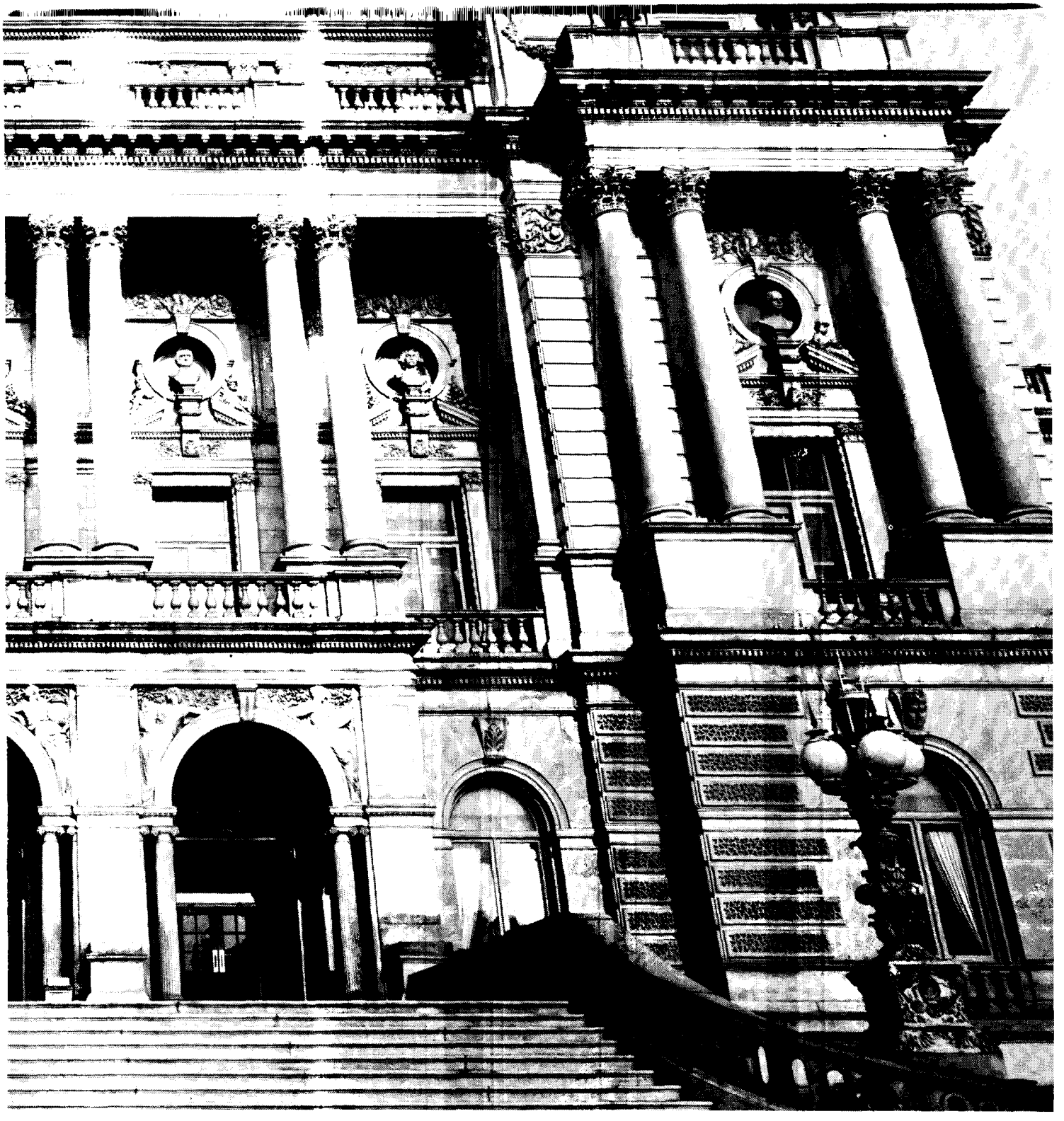

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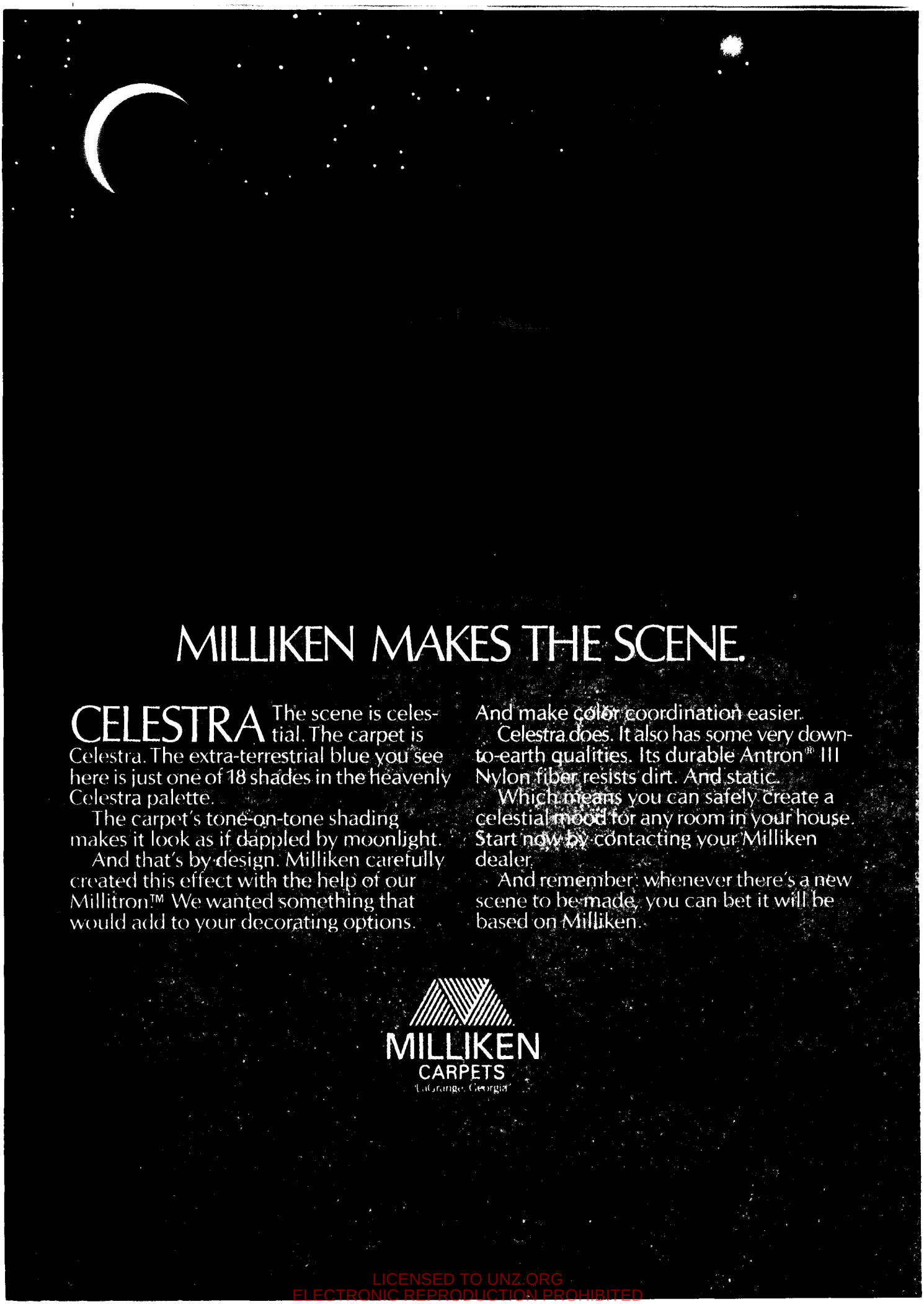
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KEMP v HARRINGTON

Republicans Are People Too

PAUL A. GIGOT

SOCIALISTS HAVE always drawn succor from the belief that conservatives lack compassion. On their political battlefields, the hard-hearts (us) march against the caring (them). Imagine my surprise, then, to hear Michael Harrington, socialist author (*The Other America*) and politico, compliment a conservative on the morality of his motives.

The *bon mot* is actually on tape, recorded for public television. Harrington was debating Congressman Jack Kemp (R., N.Y.) in one of those sterile public-school auditoriums where Manhattan socialists seem always to hold their meetings. The topic was "Tax Policy and the Economy." "Your heart is in the right place, amazing for a Republican," Harrington told Kemp. "It's your economics that are wrong." Echoes of confusion reverberated through the Harrington supporters in the hall. Like me, they had for years been used to hearing the charge put the other way around.

Harrington was responding to Kemp's innovative tax strategy, contained in the Kemp-Roth proposal to cut taxes by 30 per cent over three years. Harrington also seemed at first slightly bemused by it all. A favorite bogeyman—the Republican as capitalist-looter—had been forfeited.

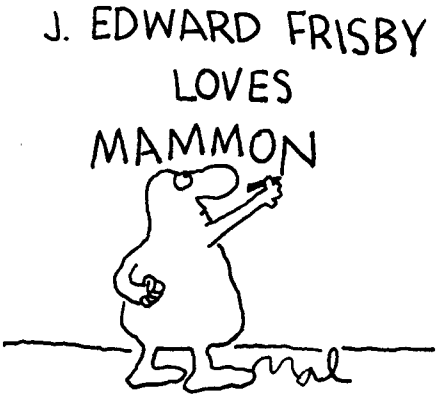
Exploiting the Point

But Michael Harrington is a resourceful man, and he soon found a way to deplore Kemp-Roth anyway. It is actually, he said, a "*sophisticated* version" of exploitation, different from the John D. Rockefeller version only in that Kemp-Roth attempts to finesse the issue. A tax cut for individuals still represents "private greed masquerading as the public interest." Corporations rule the economy, make all the investment decisions. Kemp-Roth is built upon "an Adam Smith vision of the economy," which no longer exists, if it ever did. The entrepreneur is dead; long live the state socialist who will place investment choices in the hands of the people (the government) and redistribute private wealth.

It was a bravura performance by a formidable debater. Harrington can win an audience through sheer amiability. He is as comfortably rumpled as your favorite old suit. Yet the heretical doubt had been uttered, as if the Pope had noted that the Reformation was not, in its motivations, so bad after all. Kemp rose, as a socialist might say, to exploit the point.

"I believe in the premise that my colleague believes in," Kemp began, "that we need a more equal and a more just society." Kemp has been well schooled in the nuances of rhetorical appeal. He avoids references to Social Darwinism. A man behind me noted the difference: "Kemp sure doesn't *sound* like Spiro Agnew."

Kemp carried the distinction one step further. "The basic conservative ideology from Herbert Hoover onward has been to balance the budget. I don't worry about that." Macroeconomics, budget deficits, unused capacity, demand management—Kemp shuns this technical vocabulary of the modern economist. Instead he professes to be an expert only on "incentive," the most elementary of ideas. People will work—will invest time, intellect, and money—only to the extent to which there is an incentive, a reward, for them to do so. The U.S. tax and regulatory system has disconnected reward from effort. A tax structure that is progressively steeper, and whose rates rise with inflation, deters risk and investment. A rich man who might have begun a new business will instead remain at his safe corporate job, playing golf and putting his money into tax-free municipal bonds or Kruggerands. The poor man, whose wages are taxed, will invest in leisure and transfer payments, which are not taxed.



Kemp charged through Harrington's belief in corporate dominance like Teddy Roosevelt up San Juan Hill. "All income flows through individuals," whether from wages, dividends, interest, or capital gains. All are as sensitive to incentive as raw skin to the touch. Republicans should not want, as they traditionally have, tax cuts merely for business. And the socialist program (as in Sweden) to give investment tax credits to businesses is misplaced. These merely benefit large businesses at the expense of small, existing businesses over potential ones, corporations over individuals. Socialists promote the same monopolies they so vehemently deplore.

The Crux

Here at last was the crux of the debate. Kemp envisions an economy in which every citizen is a potential entrepreneur. Harrington is resigned to the corporate state, in which conglomerates do the investing, and ruling social democrats do the deciding.

Kemp elaborated that the people—as distinct from social democrats—are probably with him. He cited George McGovern's education after his disastrous 1972 proposal to give $1,000 per year to every man, woman, and child. "McGovern said after the election that he never thought there were so many people in America who earned under $16,000 per year (the cut-off for receiving the $1,000 from the government) who one day hoped to earn more than $16,000."

Kemp-Roth has its detractors even among orthodox conservatives. Milton Friedman thinks it overestimates the economic effect of a tax cut for individuals. It risks inflation by increasing the budget deficit. Still, in its emphasis on economic possibility, even for the lowly wage-earner, Kemp-Roth seems politically potent. It provides an intriguing possibility for Republicans, and, as Michael Harrington would admit, a frustrating problem for socialists. □

Mr. Gigot, formerly an associate editor of NR, *is now on the staff of the* Far Eastern Economic Review.

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THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Creeping Sanity

DANIEL OLIVER

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, described by W. H. Auden before he died as having gone "stark, raving mad"—one hates to contemplate what he must have thought afterward—underwent shock treatment at its most recent General Convention in Denver. And there are now some signs that recovery from its malaise of the Sixties impends.

Traditional beliefs of the Episcopal Church have for years pressed at the perimeter of the term "broadminded." The only belief a man could hold that would disqualify him from being an Episcopalian was—the belief that he was not an Episcopalian. As a Southern politician used to say, the good thing about being an Episcopalian is that it interferes with neither your politics nor your religion.

The bad thing about traditional Episcopalians, however, is that they have been unwilling to engage in politics at the Church's triennial conventions. That has meant that Episcopal Lysenkos of the Dioceses of Cloud Cuckoo, on the wrong side of the "media" issues—women's liberation, the anti-war movement, homosexual "rights"—and on the wrong side of the theological issues—priestesses, abortion, and new ideas on baptism and confirmation—were able to effect a variety of changes in the Church's doctrine, discipline, and worship. One of those changes was the creation of a new prayer book, an early draft of which prompted W. H. Auden's comment.

Over a period of two decades, the Church's membership fell by 25 per cent. Disgruntled Episcopalians broke away and formed the Anglican Catholic Church (now alas, suffering internal dissension). Other people just stopped going to church. The two former leaders of the Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer departed, one to Rome, the other to Constantinople. Even Keith Mano said farewell in these pages, from 57th Street and Ninth Avenue. They may all have left prematurely.

The significant actions in Denver, on the traditional prayer book, the issue of the homosexuals, and on the Equal Rights Amendment, suggest that the Episcopal Church may have slowed or even stopped the flight from sanity.

The battle in Denver over preserving use of the 1928 Prayer Book was extensive and probably the most important. The Society for the Preservation of the Book of Common Prayer (which will simply have to change its name) was organized in 1971 to propose sensible revisions in the prayer book and to oppose the kind of revisions that eventually resulted. It went down in flames at the Church's 1976 Convention in Minneapolis because it had no *political* presence there at all. But for Denver, the directors, mostly a new slate and novices at convention politics, were prepared. The Society retained the Gallup organization to take a poll on the preferences of Episcopalians for the two prayer books. The results, heavily in favor of the 1928 Book, were widely publicized and worked into a media campaign run by a Memphis advertising firm, and into a television documentary produced by a Washington-based "political operative," who helped with "media management" at Denver. The Society's presence was everywhere in Denver—on TV, in the newspapers, on the streets, on the walls of the convention hall, flyers, handouts, broadsides, at news conferences. Someone remarked that it reminded him of an old-fashioned young Republicans' convention.

Though some delegates claimed to be unmoved by the Gallup Poll (Gallup was "duped," "conned," "bought"), and "deeply disturbed" by the "slick," expensive (and even "unnecessary") campaign of the SPBCP, the Society's conventioneering unquestionably had its intended effect. Those closely involved said they could feel a change in attitude occuring in Denver.

The SPBCP leadership rejected a number of proposals authorizing the continued use of the 1928 Prayer Book "subject" to the discretion of the diocesan bishops. Finally, after days of breakfast discussions, night-time negotiations, preconditioned offers, and "perhaps final" ultimata, it accepted a proposal—which was eventually adopted by both Houses of the triennial legislature—that authorized use of the "liturgical texts" of the 1928 Book (everything except the table of contents, the table of holy days, and the Thirty-nine Articles), "under" the authority of the bishop and "subject to the directions of this Convention as set forth" in appended guidelines. "Under" the bishop's authority is not to be confused with—or misinterpreted as—subject to his authority.

IT WAS A MAJOR victory for the Episcopal Church, but it was a victory only because an organization, the SPBCP, espoused, at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars, the cause of continued use. Even though the Gallup Poll showed that the substantial majority of Episcopalians preferred the traditional book over the proposed one, there was no organized opposition to the new book, and so it was adopted with only a few principled diehards murmuring protests. As the Reverend Logan Jackson, the president of the SPBCP, said when the smoke had cleared, "It may be said democracy can work in the Episcopal Church. But it may not be said that it works well." Another '28 Prayer Book supporter was overheard instructing a bishop on the proposition that majorities have rights too. But clearly the opinions of the majority of Episcopalians need better representation if they are to prevail regularly.

No one polled Episcopalians on the issue of homosexuality—but no one should have to oppose the ordination of "self-affirming practicing homosexuals." Despite a parade of witnesses at an open hearing who called for recognition that homosexuals are "just folks like me," the Convention adopted a statement that greatly disappointed the homosexual lobby:

(Continues on page 1383)

Mr. Oliver, a contributing editor of NR, *practices law in New York City.*

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JOSEPH COORS

The Brewer of Golden

EDWARD ROZEK

In April 1977 the keynote speaker at the Philadelphia Society was a former Russian film director, now a refugee, named Efraim Sevela. His description of the lot of Soviet Jews and his appeal to the audience to wake up to the danger of Soviet imperialism resulted in a standing ovation. When I asked him to address the faculty and students at the University of Colorado, he agreed, on one condition—that I introduce him to Joseph Coors. Why Coors? "I have heard about him in the Soviet Union," Sevela replied. "All the Communists hate him. He must be an unusual man."

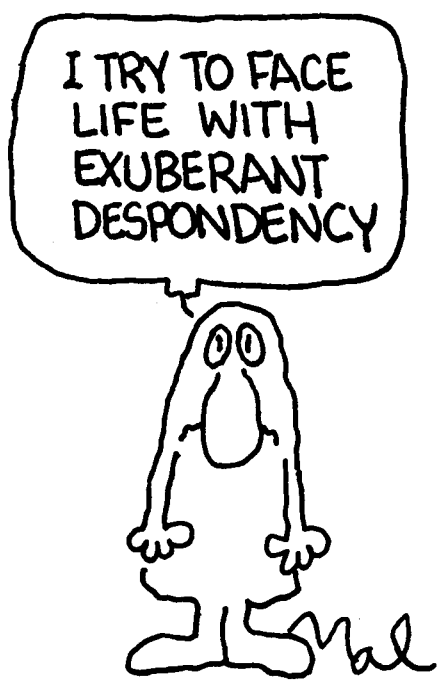
The Coors Brewing Company was founded by Adolph Coors, an immigrant who started out as a truck driver and saved enough to build a brewery. His son, Adolph Jr., expanded the company and raised his three sons—Adolph III, William and Joseph—in their grandfather's philosophy of hard work and patriotism. After Adolph III was killed by kidnappers in the Fifties, Bill became chairman of the Board and Joe became company president. Together they made Coor's the fifth largest brewer in the country.

Bye, Bye SDS

Joe first became a villain to the Left during the Sixties, when, as a popularly elected regent of the University of Colorado, he defended individual faculty members against campus radicals. In 1969, when the SDS held its national convention at the University, it did so on the explicit understanding that the meeting would be open to the press and public—but then the assembly proceeded to expel reporters and cameramen and rough up a number of other people. Regent Coors headed a successful campaign to expel the SDS from the campus. This did not endear him to the radicals. He kept attending the public meetings of the Board of Regents, despite personal danger.

More recently, he has incurred the wrath of organized labor. When, two weeks after the Philadelphia Society meeting, I drove Sevela to the home of the Coors Brewing Company in Golden, Colorado, two dozen picketers met us at the entrance shouting "Strikebreakers! Scabs!" Sevela was alarmed. Strikes in the Workers' Paradise are unthinkable, and he thought this was the beginning of a revolution. I explained what a strike was: this one had begun a few weeks earlier. "Why are they striking?" he asked. That was harder to explain.

The Coors Company, employing 8,500 workers in Golden and 100,000 elsewhere in the country, paid its employees better than any other company in Colorado. Of the 8,500 Golden employees, about 1,500 were members of the brewery workers' union. Average earnings were $18,500 a year, plus substantial fringe benefits; truck drivers and mechanics received $22,500 plus greater benefits. But when the company insisted on an open shop, 1,472 walked off the job. Shortly afterward, 945 strikers returned to their jobs. Others were transferred or replaced. (Eventually, only 250 remained on strike.)



Coors believes in brotherhood as well as individualism. The Coors family has long supported hospitals, schools, sports organizations, patriotic groups, and various ethnic organizations, black, Indian and Chicano, among others; they took pains not to publicize their charity—only to find, of late, that their stealth in giving has allowed their detractors to spread the word that they lack compassion. For the record, then, in 1977 they were supporting 25 hospitals and medical programs, 23 colleges and educational programs, 16 youth organizations, 12 arts and humanities programs, several churches, rehabilitation centers, civic and charitable groups, and sports organizations. These ruthless capitalists have also personally given scholarships for students whose families could not afford college tuition.

On the Job

We were early for our appointment, but when Coors' secretary finally took us into his office, Sevela was not disappointed. Tall, lean, dignified but shy, Coors listened intently to Sevela's account of his experiences in the Soviet Union. Then they talked about Communist expansionism and the reluctance of the wishful-thinking West—especially political and business leaders—to recognize it as such. When we stood up to go, I asked Coors about the strike. He regretted that it had occurred, but showed no bitterness toward the strikers. Most of all, he was proud: the great majority of his employees had stayed on the job, and most of the strikers had come back.

In December 1978, the union employees voted—to terminate their 44-year association with the union. The margin was 993 to 408, or 71 per cent to 29 per cent. The local's president blamed the election result on the company's "repressive atmosphere," adding, "with a tally like that, the company has gotten to these people." It certainly had. Of those eligible to vote, 94 per cent had cast ballots. □

Mr. Rozek is Director of the Institute for the Study of Comparative Politics and Ideologies at the University of Colorado.

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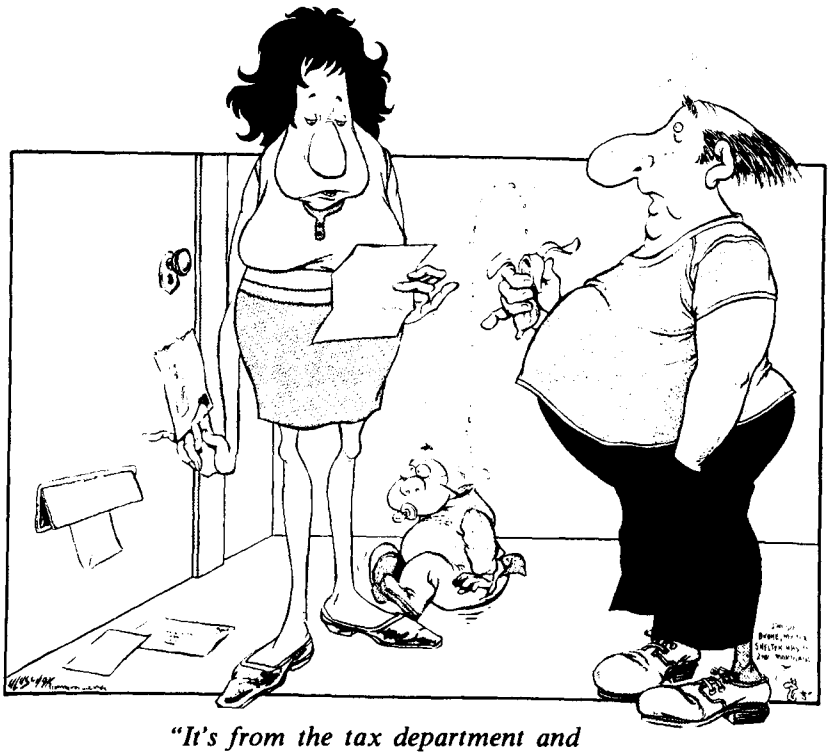

"It's from the tax department and all it says is 'Nice try!'"

Down to 19% in the polls... and people don't like the way I'm handling the Cuba thing. ... think I'm a big pushover ..... an incompetent!
Well, I'll show these clowns that Ol' Jimmy knows what he's doin'!
Get Khrushchev on the Hot Line!

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One Cheer for the New York Times

The *New York Times* takes all day long
To read with all those sections
On science, business, dance and song,
On living well, elections,
On politics, our global plight,
Who's been accused of speeding,
What most concerns the Gothamite,
What books are fit for reading,
And all the world's phenomena
From sports to economics,
Et cetera, et cetera . . .
So—thank the Lord no comics.

CORINNA MARSH

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During Abdur Rahman's years of exile in Russia in the 1870s, his hosts confided many things to him, the most important being their unceasing determination to absorb his country: Afghanistan

The Great Game Revisited

R. T. KLASS

THE FRIENDSHIP of Afghanistan is of no service to Russia whatsoever, beyond allowing her to pass through the country to India, which means placing Afghanistan under the foot of Russia.

So wrote Abdur Rahman, Amir of Afghanistan, nearly a century ago, in an autobiography which was published in London in 1901. He knew whereof he spoke: he had spent years of exile in Russia as the honored guest of Czar Alexander. During those years he had been the interested recipient of numerous confidences from high officials who hoped to enlist his aid in bringing Afghanistan into the Russian orbit. Kipling called it "The Great Game"—Britain's attempt to foil Russia's pursuit of the Indian Ocean, and the Indian subcontinent, beginning with Catherine the Great in 1791.

"Throughout my 12 years in Russia," the Amir wrote, "I discovered that there is not the slightest doubt that Russia is always plotting toward India . . . determined to attack India sooner or later, when she can find a favorable opportunity . . . hence she does require to pass through my country, and not only to pass through . . . but also to take Afghanistan if she can."

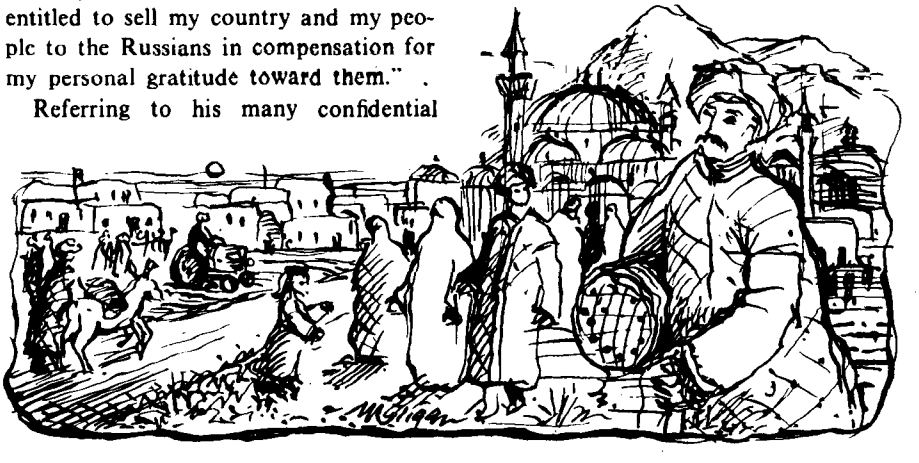
Abdur Rahman, who ruled Afghanistan from 1880 till his death in 1901, was a remarkably astute and prescient figure. Dying in the same year as Queen Victoria, he already perceived the shape of many of the social and economic, as well as political and technological, changes that were to emerge after World War I. He had come to the throne in the wake of the Second Anglo-Afghan War, with British troops still occupying Kabul for the second time in forty years. He had already spent much of his life in Russia and its Asian territories, journeying as far as the Chinese border. The British allowed him to take power simply because they could find no one else. Concerned for their Indian empire, they feared that he was pro-Russian; the Russians, expanding steadily across Central Asia, confidently expected him to be so.

BUT LIKE most Afghans, then and since, Abdur Rahman was single-mindedly concerned with the interests of his own country, which he defined as independence plus economic and social development—and those interests, he saw, lay with the West. "Personally," he wrote, "I am under great obligations to [the Russians], and shall never forget their kindness, because ingratitude is the very worst of sins. But . . . I am not entitled to sell my country and my people to the Russians in compensation for my personal gratitude toward them."

Referring to his many confidential discussions with Russian officials during the years of his exile, he wryly noted the freedom with which they had confided to him their intentions, hopeful of winning his assistance. "How very little Russia expected at that time that I should be king of Afghanistan and the strongest opponent of that policy at some future date!"

His autobiography (begun in the 1880s) was intended to spell out publicly his policy recommendations to "my sons and successors." He also used it as a forum through which he could urge Britain, as the world's leading power, to provide a counterweight to Russian pressures: for without such a counterweight from the West—steady, steadfast, quiet but firm—he was sure that his nation would be swallowed up, not by the British who had repeatedly attacked it, but by the colossus to the north. As long as his advice was followed, his country remained free.

But after World War II, Britain pulled out of India, leaving the United States as the only power capable of



R. T. Klass has been observing events in Afghanistan, Pakistan, Iran, and India for many years, and has written extensively about the area.

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counterbalancing Russian expansionism. And for the past thirty years, Washington has ignored—in fact, has rejected—the position set out by the old king. The first result was the coup by Prince Daud, in 1973, which established a pro-Soviet government not yet secured for Moscow, and then, the April 1978 coup, which provides a strategic base for the subversion and eventual take-over of Pakistan and Iran. Now the ill-equipped Afghan people are fighting desperately to oust that regime and regain their freedom—with what results we have yet to see. In the light of these events, the result of policies made by those who found the Amir's views naïve and antiquated, his comments are of some interest:

> The Russian policy in Asia is that in any way, rightly or wrongly, friendly or unfriendly, with peace or war, the Islamic kingdoms should be washed away. . . . They would be glad if Turkey [the Ottoman Empire, encompassing modern Turkey, Iraq, Syria, Jordan, Lebanon, Israel, and all of Arabia], Persia, and Afghanistan ceased to exist as kingdoms but were maintained merely to be used as tools in the service of Russia herself, in which case it would be a matter of indifference whether they existed or not, and their duration would simply depend on the length of time that Russia required them to serve her purpose.
>
> I think it is necessary to mention here that the Russian policy of aggression is slow and steady, but firm and unchangeable. If once they make up their minds to do a thing, there is no stopping them, and no changing their policy. It is not the case with them, as with some other countries, that every party that comes into power can undo the work that has been done by the party before itself. Their habit of forward movement resembles the habit of the elephant, who examines a spot thoroughly before he places his foot upon it, and when once he puts his weight there is no going back, and no taking another step in a hurry until he has put his full weight on the first foot and has smashed everything that lies under it. Russia has moved and marched toward India during the last sixty years [i.e., since the 1830s] very slowly but firmly. She has not occupied a place without first being certain of success. And after taking a place she makes announcements and a great noise about keeping the peace; and signs new treaties and agreements, swearing all vows and oaths that she will never proceed any further. These vows last until, but no longer than, the time when the newly annexed place is strongly fortified for reinforcements and the Russian influence has spread all over it. After this, Russia takes another place . . . lying near to the first, without either going very far or retreating again. When this place is properly absorbed, she moves on. . . .

Faced with the necessity of friendly relations with his powerful northern neighbor (Afghanistan has a thousand-mile border with Russia), Abdur Rahman urged formal neutrality, nonalignment, and friendship with all, buttressed by expanding ties to the West—England, the United States, and Japan, whose importance he foresaw—while keeping the Russians at polite arm's-length. And for the next fifty years, as Russia—Czarist and Soviet—moved ever closer, taking Bokhara in 1920 and even snipping off a bit of Afghan territory north of the Oxus River, Afghan rulers steadfastly sustained just this policy, even through a third war with British India.

With equal passion, Abdur Rahman exhorted England to provide the steadfast counterweight which he considered necessary to frustrate Russian designs. The West, he insisted, must make clear its interest in Afghanistan's continuing independence and must help Afghans to strengthen their own country's stability. The British pursued such a policy—unevenly, but adequately—as long as they remained on the subcontinent. And, despite recent statements to the contrary, Afghanistan never fell within the Russian sphere of influence.

But in 1948, Britain withdrew from an India newly divided into the weaker successor states of India and Pakistan. The United States, now the paramount Western power, was left to take over the protective role. It chose not to do so. Washington viewed Afghanistan as strategically negligible, a relic of outdated imperialist strategies, and the Afghans as annoyingly intractable, their independent stance verging on the uppity. The conventional wisdom of post-war American policy assumed that the mountain ranges and the passes which had guarded the Indian subcontinent for three thousand years had been rendered obsolete by the air age.

In 1953, then-Prime Minister (and Prince) Mohammad Daud asked for American aid to update an army which consisted of a few World War I biplanes and horse-drawn artillery. The Eisenhower Administration, annoyed by Afghanistan's insistence on its historic nonalignment, its refusal to sign a formal treaty like the Baghdad Pact, and its dispute with Pakistan over border areas, not only turned him down but, in Daud's eyes, slapped him down. The refusal was delivered personally and bluntly by Vice President Nixon, and before Nixon left Kabul, the whole city knew that he had offended and alienated Daud. Furious, rejecting the policy of a century, Daud turned to Moscow for arms, and the patient Russian pachyderm, waiting since 1791, at last began edging its way into Kabul. Daud thought he could ride it—and so did Washington.

For the next two decades, the United States watched with remarkable equanimity as Soviet inroads gradually increased: equipping the armed forces—creating them, almost—getting a foothold in the educational system, building roads, and ultimately achieving an economic hammerlock on the country. Benignly, the United States, with its modest aid programs and Peace Corps volunteers, pronounced Afghanistan to be the very model of a new spirit of Soviet-American cooperation in the underdeveloped nations of the Third World, a showcase of detente.

Before Nixon left Kabul, the whole city knew that he had offended and alienated Daud. Furious, Daud turned to Moscow for arms, and the patient Russian pachyderm at last began edging its way into Kabul

The warnings of anti-Communist Afghans were brushed aside by Washington. The ten-year effort (1963-1973) to replace Daud's dictatorship with a modest step toward constitutional democratic government received nothing more than cosmetic support from America. In 1973, when Daud overthrew his cousin the king and took over power,

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Washington turned a blind eye to his Soviet backing, while presumed authorities on Afghanistan proclaimed his dictatorship eminently suited to Afghan psychological needs, his Communist associates merely over-eager young reformers.

But in 1977 even Daud was alarmed at the growth of Russian influence. And so, at last, were the unwatchful Americans—and the very watchful Shah of Iran. With American encouragement—some of it probably channeled through the Shah—Daud abruptly tried to reverse course, ousting the Communists in his regime. The result was the coup of April 1978, and the Amin government, with its thousands of Soviet advisors in every ministry—particularly defense, interior, and foreign affairs—its red flag, its obsequious Doublethink, and its reign of terror. Moscow at last has a puppet regime in Kabul, nearly a century after Abdur Rahman rejected the role. (The elephant is patient, he noted.) Moscow also has at hand the old disputed issues of Independent Baluchistan and Independent Pushtunistan—old communal disputes—with which to bring down Pakistan (using Kabul as its catspaw) and to reach its goal—the Indian Ocean, which borders both Iran and India.

Abdur Rahman knew his people. While the bombs were falling on Kabul in April 1978, Afghans were already preparing to fight to regain their independence, and, though ill-organized, the resistance throughout the country, among all its ethnic groups—not only the traditional Pathan (Pushtun) warriors—has left the Communist government tottering. Terrorist reprisals have only stiffened resistance. Recent reports say that rebels control more than twenty of the 28 provinces. Uprisings have hit the major provincial cities. And all this from a peasant resistance without financial resources, without—initially—organization, without any international backing, with no guns but what they can capture or buy or make in the hills.

But it is one thing to get rid of Taraki or Amin, whom the Soviet Union might gladly find expendable, and quite another to get rid of the grip which Russia achieved after nearly two centuries of patient effort.

And what of Washington, now that decades of American purblindness have thrown Afghans, unwilling, into Russian hands? One hears cynical murmurs of satisfaction: Afghanistan is Russia's Vietnam. The Soviets are trapped in a morass of miscalculation. Let them struggle: Let the Afghans handle it, with their sticks and stones and stolen or handmade rifles. So it appears that, having refused to take the modest steps that would, over the years, have prevented the Soviet takeover, Washington is prepared to credit its own ineptitude as cleverness in disguise.

When the city of Herat was in rebellion last spring, Soviet gunship helicopters slaughtered an estimated thirty thousand people on a single Friday as they came home from prayers at the mosques

The silence has been deafening. In recent weeks Zbigniew Brezinski and the State Department finally hinted that the U.S. would be unhappy if the Soviet army joins the fight, but no firm warning has been voiced. An Administration which proclaims its dedication to human rights has uttered not a word about the killing of an estimated 100,000 civilians, the torture and execution of thousands more, or the hundreds of thousands of refugees from Kabul's reign of terror who have fled to Pakistan and Iran. (A recent report by Amnesty International evoked no comment from the White House, though Congress is finally considering humanitarian refugee aid.)

When the city of Herat was in rebellion last spring Soviet gunship helicopters slaughtered an estimated thirty thousand people on a single Friday as they came from prayer at the mosques. In mid-summer more thousands were slaughtered in Kandahar and elsewhere. Villages continued to be wiped out with rockets and napalm. Yet Washington—and, it must be said, the rest of the world, including most of the Moslem nations—remains silent. Only Iran, aware of its own danger, and Pakistan, in purely humanitarian terms, have spoken up.

Meanwhile, a proud, intelligent, courageous, and stubbornly anti-Communist people is left to bear the burden, pitting its handmade rifles and scanty bullets against Soviet gunships in hopes of regaining the liberty it has defended against all comers for the last two centuries. Without a word of encouragement from the free world.

Dozens—perhaps even hundreds—of the five thousand or more Soviet "advisors" in the country have been killed, including a number captured fighting with the government forces, as well as those killed in uprisings and individuals silently stabbed in the crowded bazaars. In August decimated Herat rose again in rebellion. In June and July there was resistance in Kandahar, the second largest city, and in Kabul, the capital itself. The resistance fighters have for months controlled most of the countryside, and often the major highways. By late summer they laid siege to the capital of Pakhtia province, Gardez, which is not only a military stronghold, but a key position from which to launch an assault on Kabul itself. In September an armored brigade sent to relieve the embattled city was captured and destroyed by rebels and the battle for Gardez is now under way.

ABDUR RAHMAN wrote of his people that, "whether trained soldiers or simple peasants, [they] would all sacrifice every drop of blood till the last man was killed, in fighting for their God, their Prophet, their religion, their homes, their families, their nation . . . their liberty and independence."

He has thus far been proven a reliable seer. Presumably it is no longer safe to recall his words in Kabul. In Islamabad, it may not be safe not to. As for Washington, it is all very well to sit back and take satisfaction in Soviet miscalculations, but one might at least ask how well it befits the superpower that lays claim to leadership of the free world to benefit by the bravery of a small, impoverished people who are fighting a giant in the name of liberty—and to offer not a word of encouragement, not even a *sotto voce* "Bravo!" □

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Up with Conservatism?

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

CONTRARY TO some expectations, the conservatives in Sweden made considerable strides in the September elections, as did conservative Finns and Norwegians in their most recent elections. Earlier in the year Britain voted in Margaret Thatcher, and the Conservative and Christian parties performed much better than expected in the elections for the European parliament in Brussels. How to explain these victories? Has the hour of conservatism at long last struck in Europe? Can we expect even more resounding victories in the future?

Let's begin with the latter question. Conservatives suffer from two handicaps, one deserved, the other not: 1) the fact that the Left has succeeded in labeling conservatives "right-wingers" (which, indeed, they are); and 2) the curious fact that National Socialists (or Fascists) are called right-wingers, a label that is absolutely incorrect. As a result of this distortion, conservatives are widely regarded in Europe as Nazis or Fascists who fear to follow their ideas to their logical, totalitarian, conclusion.

The organized Left has long tried to destroy the notion that "national socialism" ever existed. The Russians never spoke of "Nazis" (National Socialists) in their reports, but of "Hitlerites" (*gitlerovtsy*) or "Fascists." (Actually, Fascism was named after a nineteenth century leftist peasant movement whose symbol was the republican *fasces*.) The enmity between National Socialists and conservatives was so great in Hitler's Germany that the latter were the only ones to try seriously to assassinate the Führer. When Ribbentrop was in Moscow, he felt himself to be "among men with strong faces"; he professed to be at home with them just as he was among brown-shirted party members. Perhaps the best example of the lengths some will go to avoid the term "National Socialist" is contained in the new *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, where there is no heading for "National Socialist," but merely one for "Nazi Party." (Yet there is no heading for "Bolshie Party," which would be the logical equivalent.)

In France and some other European countries, conservatives call themselves rightists; in Germany or Austria this label terrifies people. There they insist they belong to the "middle"—the least galvanizing position one can imagine. Young people have a yearning for extremes and are repelled by everything smacking of a *juste milieu*. To them, the words of Anatole France—"only extremes are bearable"—are true. Yet the craze for a noncommittal middle position goes so far that the Portuguese party furthest to the right calls itself the Social Democratic Center.

ANOTHER major obstacle in the path of a conservative tide, and probably the most important is that the Left is composed of the parties of *largesse*, as John Adams put it. They are the parties of handouts, the advocates of the provider state, the collectivists who promise social security, the politicians who pose as the saviors of the poor. Moreover, the leftist parties profit from one of the nastiest but, at the same time, strongest of human passions: envy.

The Left also has another advantage. While conservative parties like to consider themselves practical and believe in the slow method of trial and error, the Left possesses an ideology. An ideology, be it Marxist or otherwise, generates devoted disciples who provide the party cadres. And since these parties are collectivist, their discipline is tighter than the discipline of the less programmatic conservatives.

Let's now return to the first two questions. There is no reason to believe that the hour of conservatism is at hand in Europe, but the chance that such a moment lies ahead is greater than ever before. It is significant that the conservatives' victory in Norway followed immediately after the voting age was lowered from twenty to eighteen. Does this mean that the young, the very young, are attracted by conservatism? Or merely that they are bored by socialism? I incline to believe the latter.

But while freedom and the conservative point of view do, most assuredly, mix, the conservative philosophy is sophisticated. It cannot be explained in simple terms and, unlike the ideologies of the Left, it doesn't evoke mass hysteria. The great European thinkers were hardly ever men of the Left. This is true from Goethe, Kierkegaard, and Schopenhauer to Burckhardt, Soloviev, and Unamuno. The Left has produced mostly neurotics and sophisticated simpletons.

While at first glance, it seems most unlikely that Europe's conservative parties will ever gain more than occasional victories, there is more hope than seems apparent, and it lies in the fundamental weakness of the leftist position. Something is inherently wrong with the Left, and it manifests itself in every domain: in economics, politics, religion, the arts, and family relations. Leftism is subtly inhumane, and will inevitably prove self-destructive. Here lies the chance—I am tempted to say the only chance—for conservatism in Europe.

No party was more entrenched in Sweden than Olof Palme's Socialist Party, and yet, in the last election for the Riksdag, the non-Socialist parties once more eclipsed the Socialists. Newspaper stories on that election were a bit misleading. It was only when the Socialist and the Communist votes were combined that the Left came within one seat of the non-Socialist coalition. In other words, there is no way the Socialists could rule Sweden without taking the Communists as partners. It is equally significant that of all the parties in Sweden only the Conservatives registered gains. The Liberals and the Agrarian Center Party suffered slight losses. The disillusionment with Sweden's earthly paradise is indeed profound.

"God's mill grinds slow but sure." Errors on a higher plane are usually unmasked only after a long time. Europe's conservatives need to be patient. But eventually—eventually, their time will come. □

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Grove City Goes to Court

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

SOMEWHAT REMOTE in western Pennsylvania lies Grove City College, with more than two thousand students. It retains some connection with the Presbyterian Church and some reputation for conservatism. Its handsome buildings, some given by the Pew family, stand high above a little college town. This is the old pattern of liberal education in these United States.

Like nearly anybody or anything else which retains notions not invented yesterday, Grove City College is in trouble with the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare; also with Pennsylvania's state department of public instruction. Why? Because Grove City's president—Dr. Charles Mackenzie, the author of a book about Pascal—refuses to submit certain reports to the bureaucracy; worse still, he refuses to promise to comply in future with all directives of HEW whatever those directives may be.

More specifically, Grove City College is ordered by HEW to prove that it takes "affirmative action" to remove all traces of discrimination in the realms of sex and race; and also that the college demonstrate that it in no way discriminates against the "handicapped." The College replies that Grove City, being an independent institution which accepts no public funds, lies under no obligation to submit forms or to swear to obey the government in all things.

No Affidavits, No Aid

HEW did succeed in compelling Grove City to appear—at large expense—at the hearings before a judge in HEW's own administrative tribunals. In recent months that judge at last ruled that de facto Grove City does not discriminate against women or other "minorities"; but that nevertheless Grove City should be deprived of all federal aid, because the College has not filled out the required HEW affidavits.

Deprived of what federal aid? Grove City has never accepted, on principle, any federal or state subsidies. Yet some students at Grove City, as individuals, receive grants or loans from federal agencies. These students, then, HEW proposes to deprive of all federal assistance. HEW will strike at the obdurate college through its undergraduates.

Over the past three years, Hillsdale College in Michigan has carried on a similar struggle with HEW. In the Hillsdale affair, an administrative judge of HEW conceded a kind of Pyrrhic victory to the college a few months ago: he ruled that Hillsdale is at fault in not submitting utterly to HEW's directives, but that it would be of dubious legality to penalize Hillsdale's students. These conflicting administrative decisions have not been reconciled within the HEW empire. Hillsdale is appealing the decision within the bewildering maze of HEW's own tribunals. But Grove City is appealing directly to a federal district court; if necessary, Grove City will appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States.

HEW seems eager to transfer the Grove City case into the federal courts of law; for, should HEW win there, presumably the educationist bureaucracy of Washington could compel every college in the land to submit supinely to HEW's directives. Some two hundred colleges of one sort or another still have not yielded completely to HEW's authority —although of these, only a handful have refused to yield any ground at all. (The most eminent dissenters are Grove City, Hillsdale, and Rockford colleges.) Some other institutions—notably the LDS Brigham Young University (with the biggest enrollment of any "private" university), Southern Baptist colleges, and certain Catholic universities and colleges—so far have resisted HEW, the Department of Justice, and the Department of Labor successfully enough, on the ground that they are church-owned and church-directed institutions, and so protected by the first clause of the First Amendment. Doubtless HEW is reserving these church colleges for dessert, to be enjoyed once the less well-defended dissidents have been swallowed up.

Dr. Mackenzie seems made gloomy by the long fight with HEW, though he will hold out to the last ditch. Perhaps he ought to let cheerfulness break in. For a recent decision of the Supreme Court preserved the right of a medical school to reject would-be students in "handicapped" categories. Besides, the whole tendency of the Burger Court in church-and-state cases has been to curb the educationist bureaucracy's meddling with "private" schools and colleges—at least with those institutions which retain some church connection.

Hire the Handicapped

Let it be understood that Grove City has no quarrel with the *principle* of equal treatment in education for women, "black" and "brown" young people, and other alleged minorities. It is merely that Grove City objects to being dragooned by HEW in such concerns, for soon there would follow federal and state interference in other educational matters—such as curricula, in which the educationists at Harrisburg and at other state capitals already have tried to meddle, at federal prodding. Grove City has no appetite for those when-did-you-stop-beating-your-wife inquiries so relished by affirmative action zealots.

But Grove City College does object vehemently to HEW's attempt to thrust all categories of "handicapped" upon independent colleges as well as public colleges. For among the "handicapped," according to HEW, are alcoholics, drug addicts, the mentally retarded, and the mentally defective. If colleges cannot decline to admit or employ the intellectually incompetent and the morally fallen, how much difference will remain between Harvard and Bedlam? Student-bodies on most campuses are sufficiently odd or defective already, without the compulsory injection of junkies and idiots.

For the preservation of standards in the institutions of higher learning, a consummation devoutly to be desired is the removal of President Carter from the seats of the mighty. Meanwhile, Grove City seeks redress in federal courtrooms. Federal judges rarely employ the mentally handicapped as law clerks; so one trusts that Grove City College, seeking only to be permitted to mind its own business, will be vindicated. □

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Books Arts & Manners

A Wolff in Chic Clothing

The Duke of Deception
By Geoffrey Wolff
Random House, 288 pp., $12.95

DONALD HALL

Duke Wolff drove expensive cars with impressive and unfamiliar names. He dressed elaborately, in the casual pseudo-English style affected on Eastern campuses. He resided at grand hotels. He dropped references to an education that took him from Groton to Yale (Bones, of course) and then to the Sorbonne, with a degree from the Sorbonne's school of aeronautics. He had lived long enough in England, during the war, to make a noise which many Americans took for an English accent, unless they had lived in England themselves. He did not pay for his cars, his clothes, his houses, or his suites. He did not attend Groton or Yale or the Sorbonne, which does not grant engineering degrees from its school of aeronautics, which does not exist.

Readers of this magazine, if they see many periodicals, will have seen numerous notices of *The Duke of Deception*. Most reviewers have praised it, and it is an excellent book—but if reviewers had not liked it at all, they would have reviewed it anyway. Its subject matter guarantees attention: Duke Wolff is a liar, cheater, braggart, phony, and would-be con-man.

It is easy enough, without psychological pretension, to label Duke narcissistic; it is easy enough, without Christopher Lasch's help, to diagnose the American epidemic of narcissism. Duke Wolff does what we all dream of doing: he fakes credentials to get a well-paying job without the knowledge to do it; he marries a rich woman and uses up her money; he replaces the repossessed sports car with a more expensive sports car from another dealer who will repossess it later. . . . We live on credit, and Wolff is our surrogate who never pays his bills. We live for weekends—ads on television assure us—and Wolff lived one perpetual weekend.

But of course we do not quite do it because we would get caught—and Wolff does that for us also. Our morality play is complete; first we participate in his frauds, then we sit back and let him do time for us. Our illicit desires, let out for a stroll, are leashed by his punishment. If Lincoln's Doctor's Dog was the old recipe for a best-seller, Duke with his infantile indulgence, followed by his melancholy deserts, provides us with two-thirds of a new never-fail formula.

The third part is provided by authorship, for Duke's biographer is Duke's son, critic and novelist Geoffrey Wolff, who remained with his father when his parents' marriage broke up, who tried his own versions of fraudulence—and eventually refused to repeat what his father had done. We are interested in fathers and sons and in mothers and daughters. The romance between the child and the parent of the same sex, while it has not had the press of the other relationship noted by Sophocles, has a dynamic of growth and replacement, the maturing and the aging of mirrors, dependency changing to dominance. In *The Duke of Deception*, we add the complexity that the father was always an infant. There is a doubleness of viewpoint which is poignant—we see Duke from up close as he appeared to his son back then, and from afar as his grown son sees him now—and we watch as the son's belief in the father, misplaced to our certain knowledge, turns sour. Of course *everyone's* belief in the father turns sour—even if the father in retrospect deserved admiration. If worship is always misplaced—as admiration need not be—so is its opposite. Thus in this book we come gradually to understand that, despite everything loathsome about this aging baby-father, Duke loves his son. Which doesn't, on the other hand, keep him from charging clothes to his son's account at a clothing store while his son attends college.

The problem in writing this book was a problem of tone. It is essential that

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Donald Hall *is a poet and critic whose latest book is* Kicking the Leaves. . . . **John Lukacs** *is the author of many books, including* The Last European War *and* 1945: Year Zero. . . . **Joseph Rehyansky** *is a frequent contributor to* NR *and* The Military Law Review. . . . **Basil Rauch**, *Professor Emeritus of Barnard College, wrote the first published history of the New Deal. He is presently writing a history of the American involvement in Vietnam.*

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we put accurate value on the young son's mind and feelings as well as on the father's. If we see the old man through the mature Geoffrey, we see him through the mature Geoffrey watching the young Geoffrey, necessarily a distorting lens. It is often appalling when an autobiographer criticizes his younger self, because it is self-flattery now to blame the self then. Geoffrey Wolff handles this problem with delicacy, restraint, and intelligence, so that we are able to feel compassion for the old man while the young man rages, at the same time as we feel compassion for the young man saddled with this impossible father.

The partial autobiography is a splendid form, the memoir which pretends not to be about its author, but about some segment of life—an idea, a place, a set of relationships—which the author has been witness to. *The Duke of Deception* appears to be about the man of the title, and it is indeed about the man of the title . . . but the context is this man's son's growth and development. As we step back from the book we understand that we have read a small *Bildungsroman* and a romance: Boy meets father . . . Boy loses father . . . Writing a book after the father's death, boy finds father again. □

RANDOM NOTES

■ LAST OCTOBER TITLES: Germaine Greer, the British feminist, has worked four years to answer the question, Why are there no women painters? In *The Obstacle Race: The Fortunes of Women Painters and Their Work* (Farrar, $25), she argues that there are. (But are they *great*?) . . . Lawrence Dader's *Power on the Left: American Radical Movements Since 1945* (Norton, $16.95) argues that in the Sixties the Left "[shook and shaped] the decisions and direction of the country as few other forces in American history since abolitionism." The prose sample is typical of the whole. . . . *The Letters of Karl Marx* (Prentice-Hall, $19.95), as selected, translated, annotated, and introduced by Saul K. Padover, are now available.

■ SOME NOVEMBER TITLES: Konrad Lorenz, whose charming book *King Solomon's Ring* appeared in 1952, has written a book called *The Year of the Grayleg Goose* (Harcourt, $25). . . . You may not think of Ernest Hemingway as a poet, but *88 Poems* (Harcourt, $8.95), by the prose master himself, will shortly be available. . . . V. S. Pritchett, the novelist and critic, is publishing *On the Edge of the Cliff and Other Stories* (Random House, $8.95). . . . Isaac Bashevis Singer is also bringing out a story collection, entitled *Old Lover* (Farrar, $10). . . . Janet Flanner, the *New Yorker* correspondent who died recently, is being honored shortly by a volume called *Janet Flanner's World: Uncollected Writings, 1932-1975* (Harcourt, $12.95). . . . John McPhee, author of *Coming into the Country*, appears in print again—is this his 14th book in 12 years, or his 13th in 11—with *Giving Good Weight* (Farrar, $9.95). As usual, he does. . . . New light is thrown on the life of the poet by Charles Osborne in his book *W. H. Auden: The Life of the Poet* (Harcourt, $15.95). —CW

The Old Patagonian Express:
By Train through the Americas
By Paul Theroux
Houghton Mifflin, 404 pp., $11.95

TO THE EDGE OF PATAGONIA

JOHN LUKACS

Paul Theroux is a writer of great talent. He is a hunter with a heart. His eye is very very good. He also knows—very important for a hunter—what to look for. That kind of eye, that kind of talent is not something merely inborn, the gift of a perfect organ. It is acquired through hard experience. A good hunter is not someone who is born with 20/20 vision. Theroux writes well because he knows how to read, which is a consequence of his experience, the acquired talent for knowing what to read. He is not—not yet—a great thinking writer. He is still young.

He took a risk—literary, rather than financial—with this book. He was successful—deservedly—with his book of meandering train-travel across Asia, *The Great Railway Bazaar*, and followed it up with *The Old Patagonian Express*, another train-travel book. It is as if a novelist, whose first novel was starrily successful, had written his second novel with a theme quite like the first. Theroux carried it off. *The Old Patagonian Express* is both like and unlike *The Great Railway Bazaar*—a perfect combination.

It is all about surface travel. Theroux does not like airplanes. (Good for him.) He starts out from Boston and ends in Esquel in Patagonia, having taken 21 trains and two subways across the Americas. Many of the trains are foul and rotten. Theroux' hardship and adventure consists in waiting for trains at the most desolate of stations, on platforms swept by the chillest of winds, at three A.M. He will also attempt to travel as comfortably as he can. I do not blame him. There is nothing wrong with bourgeois travel. He describes the interior of the cars as well as the exterior landscape, the appearance of people as well as what they say and—presumably—think. I began this book with great expectations, having an addiction for trains and a peculiar interest in Patagonia. I have read three recent books about Patagonia, one by Sebastian Snow who walked across it, one by Bruce Chatwin who wrote strangely and arrestingly about it in a kind of neo-Fabergé prose, reversing the usual pattern of travel-books (his adjectives are modest, while his verbs are brilliant), and now Theroux who got to the edge of Patagonia, no further: but my expectations have been fulfilled. I no longer have to go there. Greater praise for travel-books hath no man.

I can find only two things wrong with this book, both minor ones. The endpaper maps are poorly drawn, and also inaccurate. (Theroux flew to Lima from Quito, not from Guayaquil.) The other thing is the single sentimental sentence with which he relates his arrival, in the midst of an American tourist crowd, at Machu Picchu. I wish he had told us what he saw—and thought—about Machu Picchu, which is one of those Wonders Of The World that I do not particularly care to visit. I wish he had helped me to know why I don't particularly want to go there; or—perhaps—he could have told me why I'm wrong.

Now back to Theroux the writer. He is good with landscapes but even better with peoples. At the risk of sounding vulgar I shall sum up the principal, though intellectually unfashionable, observation in both of his books, which is that the Third World is the Turd World; and that this applies to most, if not all, of "Latin" America, where much of the landscape looks like kitty litter (Theroux' observation), where most of Mayan and Inca "art" is simply awful, and where truth is at the mercy

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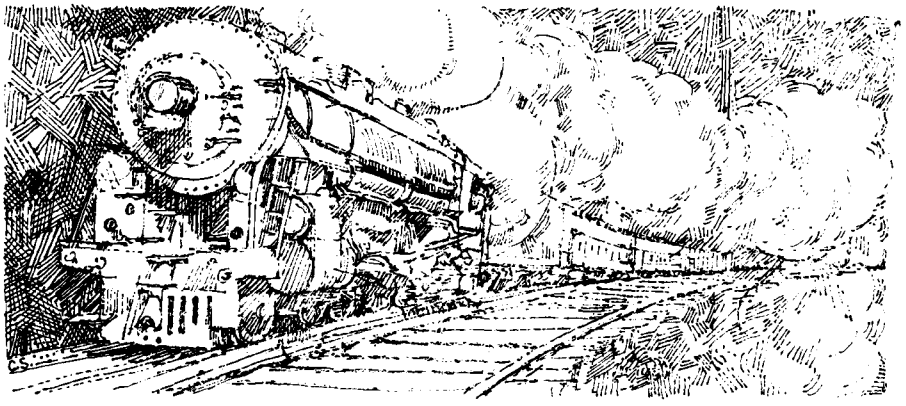

of the mouth, not the heart. In other words, Western civilization—not only its comforts but its standards, no matter how decrepit, feeble, self-lacerating, perverted—is still better than the rest of the world: it is better because it is more reliable, and it is more reliable because the link between what people say and what they mean is not hopelessly broken. Theroux' worst North Americans are hopeless bores. His worst South Americans are hopeless liars. A hopeless liar is more interesting than a hopeless bore—but only in the short run.

Theroux' job is to describe, not to define. He spares us his conclusions. But he is a writer, after all. He suggests some of his thoughts—perhaps involuntarily, surely in some ways despite himself. That most intelligent and most attractive of all Fascists, the Spanish José Antonio Primo da Rivera, once said that inside every Spanish socialist there is a nationalist. Simone Weil suggested that inside every Jew there is a Christian, though he may not know this. Within Paul Theroux there is a liberal whom he knows only too well. On one level of his mind (and heart) there is nothing wrong with this. He is a decent and not ungenerous person, he does not write for effect, his sentiment for the downtrodden, the poor, the destitute is genuine.

On the other hand, born as he was in 1941, having grown up during the disgusting Sixties, now living alternately in London and on Cape Cod, at two brokerage points of the transatlantic literary-political commerce, he has not yet confronted the liberal categories of his mind. The Latin ancestry and the New England intellect: not the best of possible combinations. I do not wish to sound like a German, regretting the fact that the *Dichter* Theroux has not yet found his *Weltanschauung*. Yet, in the literal signification of the word, *Weltanschauung* means view of the world. He knows exactly how to view the world, of which his own telling is telling. But what does he *think* of the world? I'd give much to know. □

Honor, Power, Riches, Fame, and the Love of Women
By Ward Just
Dutton, 178 pp., $8.95

MEDIA-TION

D. KEITH MANO

"Media" is one of those prodigal words: long ago it left home to set up a bachelor loft in SoHo. Yet the progenitorial meaning deserves regard. "Medium. 1. a middle state or condition; mean." E.g.: steaks done media rare.

Media people inhabit a forlorn *sheol*: homeless, separate, strung between fact and fact-chosen-for-public-edification. Any medium—TV, journalism, art, representative government, diplomatic protocol (after all, what occurs in Congress, at the UN is media-tion between citizen and nation or nation and nation)—any medium must function within a compromising ambience, a mean: neither absolute truth (which would require drab itemization and which couldn't be transmitted whole), nor absolute fiction (which would not entice serious interest). Those who supervise this coexistent, invisible universe—the entrepreneurs of information—become remote, anomic in due time. They aren't, say, an infantry platoon under perimeter attack; yet they can't accept the edited, clean newsclip of that attack. They know the pragmatic selective mechanism too well; the actual experience they know not well enough. It's hard to put much faith in your own three-hundred-word news release.

Ward Just, who has been a war correspondent, can appreciate the media between-world. His arresting, cohesive collection (two novellas, four short stories) will modulate and vary this distinctive theme. There are six people: all have been, in some degree, detached or bereaved by an intermediate environment. Three war correspondents, one CIA operative, one truce-negotiator, one congressman. It is Just's contention—accurate, I believe—that the war correspondent and the congressman live in an equivalent milieu. They have to file teletype-brief versions of their complex terrain. Washington, D.C. is a foreign war zone: ambiguous skirmishes are fought; and the war correspondent (even the CIA man) has his fickle constituency. As one female correspondent will complain: "This place has no memory. . . . If anything leaves, it's forgotten, and if it returns, it has to begin again. No memory, no loyalties." She is referring to the combat area—but, more than that, to her own privileged, ambivalent status in it. After three weeks' absence a fellow correspondent/lover can't even recognize her. And the constituency back home is stupid, alien: why not?—they've been informed by her own superficial, incomplete dispatches. The Planet Media has a peculiar time and space: it will not wait for those who escape its gravity.

These men and women are no longer fit for quotidian existence. Most have families in abeyance somewhere: but they know the trans-oceanic telephone operator more intimately. Dietz, a war correspondent, writes of Vietnam to his children rather the way Dr. Seuss would: cuddly elephants and monkeys and zebras—images, in fact, about as precise as "hawk" or "dove." Lewis, a congressman, can't practice effectively until he has sold his share of the hometown family business. Reporter, politician, diplomat; all are news-within-news. And the past will threaten a well-articulated public persona (try bragging in front of somebody who has known you since childhood). "We scorn the image one moment and embrace it the next. But it is always with us, a shadow variously cast, a permanent

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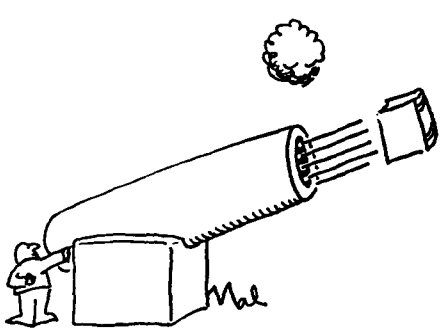
Doppelgänger." Truth about the self must be revisionist. Yet none of Just's six is foolish: they understand. And they survive by mobilizing a pragmatic cynicism. Irony is their separatist nation. "But his sense of irony, his understanding of awful paradox was exquisite. . . . He adopted various points of view in his reportage . . . he often impersonated a traveler from abroad. Energetic and restless in his inquiries, he occasionally published fictitious information." The crucial act is mediation: parable, image can be more efficient than shortshrifted truth. Would you care to know everything about a senatorial candidate: the state of his digestion, his cracked slipper soles; his dismal midnight fear?

YET, AT SOME point in each narrative, authentic passion—usually sensual—will rear its charming head. Contradiction: a correspondent cannot cover his own love affair. Genuine emotion—unedited, felt—jeopardizes irony. The media careerist is uncomfortable; it dishevels his mind. And he must either scrap romance or turn in his press pass to the realm of quick, synoptic truth.

Just writes a demure prose: as though he didn't want "writtenness" to distract from detail. Oddly (or not so oddly), when romance intervenes the style and dialogue become turgid by comparison. Nonetheless, this is an affecting book: it thumbs down a crucial issue honestly and with strong, professional insight. That issue being: To what extent can reality be condensed and still remain valid? And: What effect does such constant abridgment have on the jobbers of truth?

Considerable effect, it would seem. The stories are frail. They end abruptly, like broken transmissions from some vague front line. Or, with more aptness, they end like a news event that can no longer divert its readership. □



FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Russia's Road to the Cold War
By Vojtech Mastny
Columbia, 409 pp., $16.95

NOBODY SAID NO

JOSEPH A. REHYANSKY

Professor Mastny's book is a fresh analysis of the origins and early stages of the cold war. Drawn from a wealth of sources, including East European, and relentlessly documented—almost 1,300 footnotes—the story begins with Bolshevik machinations in Europe between the World Wars, and continues on through the outbreak of World War II, the collapse of the Soviet-German non-aggression pact, the formation of the great alliance to defeat Hitler, and the sundering of that alliance through a combination of Russian opportunism and British and American passivity as the total defeat of Nazi Germany drew near.

The author sees June 1941 as

> one of the great turning points in history. Not only did Hitler's gratuitous aggression open the door through which the Soviet Union eventually stepped out to become the world's mightiest and perhaps last imperial power, it also provided the dubious justification for Stalin's imperialism. The humiliation of his life, the Nazi treachery imbued Stalin with an extraordinary drive to justify in retrospect the wisdom of the expansionistic policies he had initiated during his abortive association with the German dictator.

Mastny is at his best in the sections on the major conferences: Moscow, Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam. In 1943, in Moscow, the war-weary Russians wanted primarily to be reassured about the opening of the second front. Satisfied that the cross-Channel invasion was on for the spring of the following year, the attending foreign ministers turned to political questions. Soviet territorial demands were either "tacitly granted or left in abeyance." Nobody thought to say No. The Teheran meeting was, in Mastny's words, "a shambles." Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin discussed the postwar political structure of Europe and the best way to render Germany permanently harmless. Stalin forthrightly suggested that the managerial, intellectual, and leadership elite of Germany—no more than fifty thousand to be sure—be shot. Churchill was "shocked," Roosevelt "embarrassed." Turning to Poland, Churchill explained to Stalin how its borders could be rearranged to suit the Soviet dictator and, by illustrating his points with three matchsticks laid on a table, helped change the face of postwar Europe. At isolated, inaccessible Yalta (Churchill said, "We could not have found a worse place for a meeting if we had spent ten years looking for it"), Mastny claims there was no "partition of the world." But there was a dying Roosevelt, eager to sell Stalin his voting plan for the UN Security Council and get his promise to enter the war against Japan, matters to which the Soviet leaders did not attach much importance; in exchange, Stalin persuaded Roosevelt to acquiesce in his plans for Poland, a matter FDR did not consider important —he believed that the Poles would vote Communist in a free election anyway.

MASTNY BELIEVES that what happened at Yalta was not as important as what did not happen: nothing was done "to dissuade the Russians from going ahead." At Potsdam, the United States was represented by President Truman, a man of whom the Kremlin knew only his opinion (pronounced in June 1941, while he was still an obscure senator) that in the war between Russia and Germany the United States ought to help whichever side was losing, changing loyalties as the fortunes of one side or the other changed, so that the Bolsheviks and Nazis could all kill each other off. Churchill was there, dejected and off his form, full of foreboding about the imminent elections in Britain. According to Anthony Eden, he was "under Stalin's spell" and kept repeating, "I like that man." The conference had to be adjourned while Churchill and his entourage went home for the vote tallying. When it reconvened, Laborite Clement Attlee represented England.

Germany had recently surrendered and Japan was reeling; Stalin, seeing no point in pretending that the alliance that had saved him was worth preserving, actually drew the line that became the Iron Curtain. Truman, for his part, seemed primarily concerned with how

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to break to Stalin the momentous news of the successful test of the atomic bomb. He needn't have worried; Stalin seemed unimpressed. "Churchill, who watched the scene from a distance, concluded that Stalin simply failed to grasp the weapon's significance." Or maybe he already had the news from Alger Hiss.

Mastny's chief concern is Russian imperialism in Europe during the war. He paints Stalin not as a single-minded fanatic, but as a patient, pragmatic opportunist, now parrying, now thrusting, as his military and diplomatic fortunes waned and waxed, ever vigilant for an opening, a chink in the armor of his allies or the governments-in-exile of the East European nations for which he hungered. The story is complicated, a bit too complicated for Mastny's talents as a chronicler. The scene shifts from one European capital to the next, and from one desperate band of exiled officials to another, as Stalin's vicious and determined double-dealing enabled him, often despite his own egregious blunders and miscalculations, to sever Eastern Europe from the West. The narrative pace is hectic; you almost need a scorecard to keep track of the players. Facts, details, and documentation come thick and fast; this makes for slow, heavy reading, and will probably prevent this book from being widely read. But as a reference, and as a workmanlike piece of scholarship, it stands alone. Not even Gaddis or Fontaine, for all their thoroughness, have contributed as much to our understanding of the cold war's gestation from sources so close to events.

ENGAGING sketches of various leaders' reactions to events and crises help bring this book to life. My favorite is of Stalin in June 1941, as German troops massed on his borders. Convinced that he was secure in his nonaggression pact with Hitler, Stalin, in something of a dither, concluded that an ultimatum must be coming from the Führer, and that the troops were there to back it up. He sent his diplomats swarming over Europe, trying to coax from someone a hint of what it was that Hitler wanted, so Stalin could give it to him. But there was no ultimatum. Everything was, alas, just as it appeared to be. □

Franklin D. Roosevelt and American Foreign Policy, 1932-1945
By Robert Dallek
Oxford, 657 pp., $19.95

THE LION ABROAD

BASIL RAUCH

Franklin D. Roosevelt was a President evidently so superior to his successors that his many failures are increasingly forgotten as nostalgia takes over. Historians who criticize his conduct of foreign relations tell us how great he was in domestic affairs. They forget such failures as the Supreme Court Packing Plan, the 1938 Primaries Purge Campaign, and the disasters of the fabled NRA even before the Court threw it out. Haters of the New Deal tell us he did well as a war leader. They pass over his signing of Neutrality Acts in which he did not believe, they forgive his misconceived promise to Stalin to open a second front in Europe in 1942, his misapprehension of the role of China in defeating Japan, and many other mistakes.

But the New Deal is mostly accepted as a given nowadays, while historiographical turmoil buffets Roosevelt's reputation as a maker of foreign policy. His critics have staged three distinct offensives. The first tried to show that he "lied us into" the Second World War, that he and not Japan was "really" responsible for the Pearl Harbor attack. These charges were easily refuted, although suspicion lingers among the non-reading public. The second campaign was a more sophisticated effort to lay the blame on Roosevelt (and Truman) for the cold war. This suffered from the inherent implausibility of finding Stalin innocent. Reasonable historians like Louis J. Halle demolished these infantile leftists.

The third and strongest assault on Roosevelt's reputation as a maker of foreign policy came from sober historians who worked with the advantages of virtually total documentation and longer perspective. They shared the usual attitude of historians that objectivity means criticism, but the idea now was fair criticism of every party to events, including Roosevelt. This sometimes led to confusion between generalized tributes to Roosevelt's achievements in foreign affairs and complaints about specific actions and procedures. This sort of "balanced view" is summed up in the slender book by Robert A. Divine, *Roosevelt and World War II.*

Onto this well-pocked battlefield Professor Robert Dallek of UCLA now drops a blockbuster: much the most detailed, thoughtful, and objective study of Roosevelt as a maker of foreign policy that we are likely to have in our time.

ONE CANNOT detect in Dallek the glittering eye of a lover of Roosevelt, nor the dogged sniffing for villainy of the Roosevelt hater, nor any ideological swaying to the right or to the left. He sets forth the facts of the Roosevelt record in a rich plenitude of detail. He is interested in the facts both as they tell the history of policy and as they help him and the reader understand Roosevelt's mind and the sometimes mysterious, often confusing, ways in which he operated.

Many writers, friends, associates, and enemies of Roosevelt have tried to explicate his strange and sometimes contradictory ways. According to taste they have called him devious, a genius of timing, a double-dealer, a masterful leader, alternatively a follower of public opinion, a sloppy administrator, and so forth. Perhaps Dallek's most important contribution to Roosevelt literature is his treatment of the confusions and contradictions in Roosevelt's conduct of affairs.

He is not concerned to accuse or to excuse but to understand. He gives many illustrations and analyses of how Roosevelt, faced by unacceptable alternatives, pursued, even "wove together," disparate and sometimes contradictory lines of policy without making a final commitment to anything. How he then allowed the play of events, the evolution of public opinion, and the moves of domestic and foreign leaders to work

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out for him either a solution or a more manageable configuration.

So Roosevelt abandoned the League of Nations, while pushing for cooperation with the League powers to apply economic sanctions against aggressors until events and public opinion made possible the launching of the United Nations. So he worked for the unity of the Great Power "policemen" and their hegemony in the world and the UN, while also supporting the juridical equality of all states—a contradiction we do not solve but live with just as we have learned to live with the "compromise" in our Congress between equal representation of the states and equal representation of the people. In these and many lesser matters, Dallek shows that Roosevelt often ignored logical contradictions while pursuing what was viable.

This book was not written to entertain readers. But Dallek makes a solid narrative and an important interpretation out of the amazing complexity of his material, and anyone who wants to know the latest, best findings on Roosevelt as a maker of foreign policy must be grateful. □

FILM

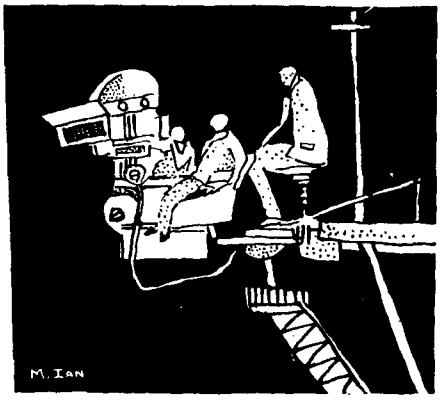
SIMPLISTIC COMPLEXITIES

JOHN SIMON

For the first few minutes of *Orchestra Rehearsal* it is as if the early, good Fellini had miraculously risen from the ashes of his self-indulgent, self-parodying, overblown and vacuous later works. A decrepit music copyist sets the scene for a symphonic rehearsal in a trecento oratory where several buried popes and bishops seem somehow to make the acoustics perfect, and where a TV crew is about to film the rehearsal. The atmosphere is vintage Fellini: the old fellow, an amateur actor and typical Fellinian oddball, is comfortably crotchety and eccentrically sensible; the oratory looks austerely authentic as photographed by the dependable Giuseppe Rotunno in rich yet restrained colors; the situation augurs well, what with the anachronistic presence of a television team and the promise of the last score by the wonderful Nino Rota, who died soon afterward. Considering the quality of the music, he might as well have died before.

The film's interest certainly dies quickly, because the point—the contrast between an orderly but dead past and rebellious contemporary confusion—is soon made unpleasantly obvious. As each arriving musician praises or patronizes his particular instrument to the invisible television interviewer (Fellini's voice), and does so in blatantly anthropomorphic terms; as, moreover, each player speaks with a different regional or snobbish accent, the suggestiveness of symbolism promptly yields to the predictability and constriction of allegory. To cap it all, the conductor is a dictatorial German, and the union delegate who causes considerable mischief, a Sardinian-like Berlinguer, the president of Italy's CP.

When the orchestra members hurl mud or excrement at the portraits of the great classical composers, clamor for the death of the conductor, and set up a giant metronome in his place, then proceed to smash everything, we are submerged in Fellini's bitterness about present-day Italy after the Moro slaying, and though we may share his disgust, we yearn for a form more dramatic than the parable. Presently a huge wrecking ball demolishes a wall of the chapel and fear drives the musicians to proper playing once again, only to bring out the most teutonically totalitarian traits in the conductor, who, under pressure, had become quite human. The old order is gone, and every new system leads to one kind of tyranny or another, Fellini is saying. Agreed; I just wish he were not saying it quite so schematically.



ALAN ALDA's more optimistic, good-natured, yet supposedly unflinching look at politics, *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*, is even more inept. Here we have a model young senator—honest, hard-working, liberal, and a good family man—who just about goes to pieces over an extramarital affair with Karen Traynor, a fascinating but married civil-rights lawyer. There is, as it were, a political subplot: Senator Tynan has to choose whether, out of loyalty to his old protector, Senator Birney, he will help a racist Southern judge be confirmed as a Supreme Court Justice, or whether, with Karen's help, he will expose the man and thus help his own career and presidential aspirations. This must be the most hornless dilemma of the century, especially as Tynan does not really need Birney, and Karen makes it easy as well as pleasurable to get the goods on the justice designate.

THE POLITICAL stuff, then, though much time is spent on it, is not much more than window dressing. But the "mature" love story is just as fake. Tynan—as Alda wrote him and also enacts him—is a nice, quiet chap with at least as much decency as ambition, and blessed with a springy sense of humor. His teenage daughter rebels, apparently because Joe neglects her, yet he is shown as, for the most part, a thoroughly loving father, and the girl is no more than a rebellious cipher; their clash sheds light on nothing. Ellie, Joe's wife, is a staunch creature with whom he is still physically and spiritually in love after 19 years of marriage; her only flaw is telling a reporter that, as a psychologist, she once had to undergo psychotherapy herself. This being the only serious row Joe and Ellie are allowed to have, one wonders why he became so readily and deeply involved with Karen, and why Ellie, after guessing the truth, smashes half the house and, understanding psychologist though she be, resolves to walk out on the marriage. Equally unconvincing is the ease with which Joe and Karen renounce each other, even though Karen is conveniently given an uncaring clod for a husband (why did such a fine woman marry him in the first place?) and Joe vows that he will always love her. And why does Ellie reconsider leaving Joe at the mere sight of his starting to make the nominating speech at the Democratic Na-

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tional Convention? Could the retiring little woman be power-hungry after all?

Very little of the movie has been thought through and worked out with mature understanding, let alone penetrating insight. It takes more than scenes of a man in bed with his wife (playful), contrasted with scenes of him in bed with his mistress (playful and passionate), to make an adult picture. And Alda the actor lacks the charisma to fill in what Alda the screenwriter has left undone. There are, however, some interesting supporting performances: Meryl Streep manages the merry intelligence and cool seductiveness of Karen with perfect assurance, and Barbara Harris, cast against type, does whatever is possible for the superficial part of Ellie.

Melvyn Douglas is appealing as the once powerful Senator Birney now losing his grip, and here the film stumbles onto its one original idea: Birney's creeping senility manifests itself in his lapsing into recitations of passages from Stendhal in French, sometimes even in public. That is surely one of the more unusual symptoms of dotage, and one regrets merely that Douglas' French accent is so poor. Even so, better to be senile with Stendhal than mature with Alan Alda. Jerry Schatzberg's direction is routine except for a lot of extreme closeups, which, however, remain as unmotivated as Birney's *Beylisme*.

THE RAPE OF LOVE—whose French title, *L'Amour Violé*, is only slightly less unfortunate—concerns a gang-rape victim whose consciousness is gradually raised to the point where, defying the advice of her fiancé and mother (not to mention the pressures of the provincial and patriarchal society of Grenoble, she brings suit against the rapists. This fourth feature by Yannick Bellon starts out absorbingly; Miss Bellon, who also wrote the screenplay, shows economically how, while her fiancé is doing his military service, Nicole, a visiting nurse, goes about her ministering to far-flung patients, and rides a motor scooter to and from work. Abducted from a country road by four young men, she is raped and viciously beaten. These sequences are as palpably harrowing as anything ever put on screen; unfortunately, the rest of the script and direction is far less compelling or even believable.

The author-director indulges in a social tract: children are indoctrinated from the cradle in sexual role-playing, fashion photography presents women as provocative sex objects, the army brutalizes men, rape is just a macho way for young males to prove their virility, society has little sympathy for the rape victim yet she must act for the sake of other victims past and future, and so on. All very true, but nothing buries drama so neatly as didacticism. And though Nicole and her shallow fiancé suffer from the traumatic event, quarrel and even part, they are duly (and improbably) reunited in the end to the strains of an atrocious theme song that weaves its way through the film. Horrendous as the rape is, its scars seem relatively light and impermanent.

But, as Nicole, Nathalie Nell is a revelation: not often are intelligence and refinement so clearly joined to talent and beauty, so that a performance addresses itself equally powerfully to our intellects and to our emotions. □

TELEVISION

SEASON'S OPENERS

M. JOSEPH SOBRAN

Robin Williams is the sort of comedian of whom the phrase "comic genius" is nowadays used. Not because he is a genius or even particularly comical, but because that's just the sort of phrase favored by the sort of people who like his sort of comedian.

I started watching *Mork and Mindy* during the Williams publicity blitz last year. It was fun for a while: he is indeed a superlatively inventive young man. Then one night I couldn't bring myself to watch him again. Never have I tired of a performer so abruptly. It was a mystery to me: I'd expected to enjoy him, until I faced the immediate prospect of turning on my set.

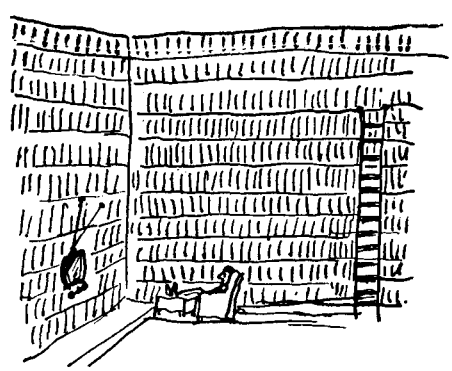
What's wrong with him? He is an entertainer whose art consists in showing off. One can bear just so much of that. Williams is said to have been an only child, and he seems to think he is an only actor. As soon as he enters a set, the other performers are instantly relegated to the status of props. He sets world records in every category known to the grade-school class clown: puns, sound effects, funny faces, mimicry; but nothing he does suggests social interaction, human or extraterrestrial. He has lower affect than Mickey Mouse, and is less a comedian than a gimmick. What he does is related to comedy as a book of word-games is related to literature.

Comedy? For that you watch someone like Edward (Lou Grant) Asner, who can impart strong character while reacting with fine situational exactitude to other characters. Because he never suggests egomania, nobody would ever think to call him a comic genius.

Despite the entreaties of my own children I have sworn off *Mork* forever. I saw just enough of this season's first episode to witness Mork shrinking to the size of an insect. I knew it would be bad for my soul to watch any more when I felt myself yearning for a fly-swatter.

BUT IF YOU turn your set on just when *Mork* goes off, you can catch the highly-touted new show *The Associates*, a comedy series about a Wall Street law firm. The high-touters seem to have a point: the first episode had to introduce about eight characters, and managed to do so with polish and humor. Best of all is good old Wilfrid Hyde-White as the firm's head, a pin-striped Polonius. He had the privilege of closing the show with a terrific anecdote about his courting days, whose offhand punch line, dodderingly delivered, was both exquisite and explosive.

The Associates should be interesting to watch in several ways. It has a fine gallery of characters, witty writing, and a milieu full of possibilities for the kind of unobtrusively *moral* humor that made *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* less a hit than a way of life. (The MTM-*Taxi* crowd are behind it.) It also deals with the professional world at a higher level than any TV comedy series so far. Can it last? I think so. But it has a time-slot that makes for a ratings disadvantage: how odd to juxtapose its



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sophistication with the wearisome, kiddie-pitched zaniness of *Mork*. I doubt that many people will have a taste for both these shows in succession.

ARCHIE BUNKER'S PLACE is a bar. The Family that Archie used to be All In has gone. The new series shows Archie adjusting to petty bourgeois status in uneasy partnership with a liberal Jew. The whole Hebe-joke cycle will be warmed over, if the first half of the first episode is any sign. But it is too late for that sort of thing to have even a scandalous appeal, because, nine years after we met Archie, it is inconceivable that any sentient being, however anti-semitic, could remain so gauche, especially in public, since, after all, our public manners have altered in response to such things as *All in the Family*. Archie in his new setting is implausible, an anachronism, precisely because he seems to be the only living American who has never heard of Archie Bunker. *Family* worked in its latter years because it stayed home and became an interesting study of the lower middle class in late middle age. The new show tries to start over again with 1970 premises. So long, Arch.

TV DETECTIVE shows typically begin with the murder of a high-class call girl somewhere in the vicinity of a casino and conclude, several screeching tires later, with a shootout. Such mystery as they have can be resolved in the first few minutes by applying what we should call Stein's Law, in honor of Ben Stein: the culprit is always the suspect with the highest social status. (*Columbo* succeeded by assuming the obvious, and pitting the shabby detective against his urbanely homicidal social superiors. You always saw whodunit; *why* he dunit was to gain or retain rank and power.)

Hart to Hart varies the genre by offering detectives who are not only man and wife but are also likely to outrank socially any imaginable malefactor: Mr. Hart is head of an enormous conglomerate, and Mrs. Hart is a successful author, and they live on a huge estate and take their chauffeur along when they break murder cases. In the first episode it was their own security that was under attack: their house guest was actually a hit man hired to kill Mrs. Hart. She narrowly escaped death in her kitchen and beside her swimming pool. The Harts are an attractive, fun couple who seem to fight crime less for the public weal than for a romantic pastime, Nick-and-Nora style.

Eischied (pron. *I shied*) is Earl Eischied, chief detective of the NYPD. He is a combination of Dirty Harry and Buford Puser (whom the star, Joe Don Baker, played in *Walking Tall*). He respects only so many civil liberties as are compatible with catching killers. Though amiable, he has the face, accent, and bearing of a sadistic Southern sheriff. Come to think of it, New York City may be the place where one is likeliest to be *cheered* by the presence of a sadistic Southern sheriff. Eischied is off to a good start, in a two-part, three-hour pursuit of a Son-of-Sam type, a long-haired blond drifter; it is probably too much to hope that the young man will wind up dangling from the highest branch in Central Park. □

ART

A DRAMATIC DISCOVERY

RUTH BERENSON

An exhibition of sculptured fragments from the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris may not have the crowd-pulling effect of the spectaculars with which the Metropolitan Museum has regaled New Yorkers in recent years, for it takes a certain empathy and imagination to respond to these damaged monumental heads, these shards of legs and bodies outlined in stylized draperies. Yet as with so much ancient art, which also comes to us mostly in fragments, the effort is well worth making, for these sculptures represent Gothic art at one of its highest points.

Their very existence is a kind of miracle; the Met, with rare understatement, calls it "a dramatic discovery." It occurred in April 1977, when workmen digging up an eighteenth century courtyard behind the Banque Française du Commerce Exterieur on the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin to install a new computer, uncovered large squarish stones about three feet beneath the pavement. Turned over, they were revealed to be human heads topped by crowns. No one was more excited by the find than the bank's president, François Giscard d'Estaing, a cousin of France's president. Every inch a banker, complete with Saville Row tailoring and near-perfect English, he has still not recovered from the excitement of that day and those that followed. In the end—"I practically had them tear down the bank," he remembers—more than three hundred pieces of sculpture were found, large and small. And there was a pattern in the way they were buried: all the heads and bodies faced south, pointing toward Notre Dame, and the spaces between the stones were filled with loose plaster, evidently to keep them from rubbing against each other. Whoever had interred them had done so with care, if not reverence.

Though not a trained archaeologist, M. Giscard d'Estaing used the greatest care in overseeing the excavations. He recognized the finds as Gothic, and realized they must have come from an important church. Of the three Parisian edifices large enough to have accommodated such monumental works (the crowned heads are over two feet high, the others somewhat smaller), the most obvious was Notre Dame, where, because the original decorations were mostly destroyed during the French Revolution, what remains consists largely of nineteenth century restorations of highly dubious accuracy. What a wonderful irony if the need for a twentieth century computer had led to the discovery of the lost thirteenth century originals!

French law requires that finds like these be reported to the government, and M. Giscard d'Estaing is a law-abiding fellow. But like most bankers,

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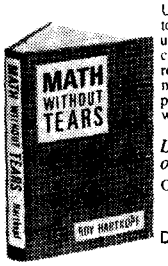

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he likes to play his cards close to his chest, so, without confiding the nature of his *trouvaille*, he invited the authorities and some expert medievalists, including Alain Erlande-Brandenburg, acting director of the Cluny Museum and a specialist in Gothic sculpture, to have a look. "They were absolutely dumbfounded," he says, "especially Alain Brandenburg. All he could say was 'but . . . but . . .'" A huge cache of the original sculptures from Notre Dame had, quite literally, been resurrected.

Much of the story of how they happened to turn up in the bank's courtyard can be pieced together from documents. Their removal from Notre Dame was not, like the razing of the Bastille, an act of mob violence but the deliberate policy of a government bent on removing "all signs of superstition and fanaticism" from what they had renamed the "Temple of Reason." Believing, erroneously, that the gallery of crowned kings in the arcade above the western portals portrayed the kings of France (actually, they represented the kings of Judea), in July 1793 they ordered their crowns to be chipped off; a few months later it was decided to remove them altogether. One Citizen Varin was given the contract for this vandalism, which he accomplished first by decapitating them at the neck and hurling the heads to the ground, then prying loose the bodies and doing the same thing. He also cut off the heads of numerous portal figures and removed columns and other architectural elements which seemed to be decorated with royal emblems. Not surprisingly, the pavement in front of the cathedral collapsed under the enormous weight of the stones, so workmen piled them alongside the cloister wall on the north side. A few pieces were looted, accounting for fragments (including a head bought by the Metropolitan in 1938, now identified as a King David from the right-hand portal) that turned up later. The rest, however, remained, for nobody knew what to do with them. It comes as a shock to learn that the great painter, Jacques Louis David, blithely proposed they be used as a base for a monument "to the eternal glory of the French people"; but in fact, they became a garbage dump which was removed only in 1796 when one Bertrand was given a contract to dispose of them.

At this point, documentation stops, but the story can be plausibly completed by tracing the history of the bank's building, the Hotel Moreau, which was erected in 1792 by Jean-Baptiste Lekanal, a royalist sympathizer who only narrowly escaped the guillotine during the Terror. He must have been the buyer of Bertrand's stones which, with considerable courage, he treated as sacred relics by secretly giving them a decent burial. Did he mean to give a clue to their provenance when he faced them toward Notre Dame? Certainly he told no one what he had done, and, with his death in 1800, they ceased to exist.

It would be impossible to overrate the importance of these impressive fragments for the understanding of French medieval art. Until now, the development of Gothic sculpture has had to be be traced through the cathedrals of Chartres, Senlis, Amiens, Reims, and the other churches of the Ile de France. The most important site of all, Paris, as much a focal point of culture during the reign of St. Louis as it is today, was missing. These sculptures, which are to be given to the French nation, thus fill a vital gap, and, despite their varying dates, they confirm the primacy of Parisian artists, as opposed to those working elsewhere, which scholars have long suspected.

THE OLDEST fragments formed part of the portal dedicated to St. Anne and were made in the middle of the twelfth century; like some of the Chartres sculptures they seem closer to the abstraction of Romanesque than to the naturalism of Gothic. The exquisite head of an angel from the central doorway was fashioned more than half a century later, around 1220. With its hair bound in a fillet, its face modeled

in shallow planes, its lips curved in a smile that recalls archaic Greece, it is perhaps the earliest and certainly one of the most haunting examples of what has been called "the classical revival of of the thirteenth century," heretofore thought to have begun at Reims. Finally, the majestic kingly heads with their deepset eyes, curling hair and beards, though carved only a decade or so later, display an astonishing realism. Two in particular are so individual that they resemble portraits taken from life. The knowledge that originally they were brightly painted (traces of the colors remain on many of them) clearly disposes of that long-held vision of "white cathedrals" that has formed the basis of so much poetic imagery. These pious, dignified heads bring us closer to that "parfit gentle knight," St. Louis, who personified the ideas and ideals of medieval Christianity and for whom, perhaps, they were carved. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

BOSWELL'S CLAP AND OTHER ESSAYS: *Medical Analyses of Literary Men's Afflictions, by William B. Ober, (Southern Illinois, 291 pp., $17.50).* Despite its piquant title, this is not an amusing book. It is not amusing—except perhaps to a doctor who is a failed writer—to have all the clinical details of the 23 cases of gonorrhea already "confessed to" by the guilt-ridden Boswell in his *Journals*. The famous biographer's obsessive priapism and need to be reassured of his masculinity are already well known and throw no light on the magisterial *Life of Johnson*. "Publication of the *Life* gave him his day of glory," says Dr. Ober condescendingly, adding, "It may have ensured his reputation for posterity . . ." May? Whose glory are we reading about? Boswell's? Johnson's? or Dr. Ober's? The other nine essays, with no exceptions, throw even less light on their subjects. Swinburne's masochism and the flogging block at Eton which reinforced his taste for the whip are old hat; the only mystery there is how Swinburne ever achieved his reputation as even a minor poet. Keats is dragged in by the hair because of the line about poppy fumes in "To Autumn" and because, as always in those days, laudanum was prescribed to those dying of consumption. William Carlos Williams, a doctor himself, is included for no discernible medical reason, but his poetry is severely slapped around. "All one can say is that he was a warm genuine human being, a very nice man who enjoyed the act of writing"! Only when dealing with D. H. Lawrence and Christopher

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Dark Horses

M. STANTON EVANS

WITH THE PUBLICATION of *Energy: The Next Twenty Years* Ballinger Publishing Co., 17 Dunster St., Cambridge, Mass. 02138; $9.95), the intellectual battle about the causes of the energy crisis may be considered officially over.

In a nutshell, this volume tells us the United States and the world in general are not running out of energy, and are in no conceivable danger of doing so for many centuries; that the shortages of the present hour are chiefly the result of government interference, especially in the realm of price controls; and that the answer to this problem is the obvious one of getting government out of the roadbed—preferably without such political makeweights as a "windfall profits tax." All of which would seem to be the last word on the subject.

The element of finality derives not so much from what is said—though what is said is very good—but rather from who is saying it. For the ultimate sponsor of this exhaustive survey by 19 economists, scientists, and energy specialists working with Resources for the Future is none other than the Ford Foundation, the self-same funding source that gave us, just a couple of years ago, a horrific volume called *A Time to Choose*. This earlier study did as much as any single document to propagate the panicky notion that we were somehow running out of petroleum supplies and that only drastic action by the government to ramrod through a program of extensive conservation could save us. The cachet bestowed upon that thesis by the Ford Foundation is here and now withdrawn.

The authors of the current study describe the existing system of federal price controls, entitlements, and allocations for domestic crude oil as a fiasco and note that, among its other perverse effects, it causes U.S. consumers to pay more for petroleum, not less. By holding domestic prices artificially low, the government has discouraged exploration and production at a time of constantly rising consumption, with the ever-widening gap made up through imports. And since imported petroleum is more expensive than the domestic stuff has ever been, consumers must shell out increasing sums to OPEC for their oil. The authors estimate the added cost to our economy from this arrangement to be at least $3 billion annually. "Deregulation," therefore, "would result in a net economic gain."

A series of related points is made in *Exploding the Energy Shortage Myth*, by Eric N. Skousen and John B. Ferry (Institute for Energy Production, P.O. Box 1264, Orem, Utah, 84057; $4.50). This is an excellent popular handbook, profusely illustrated with charts, tables, and everyday examples, debunking the ideas that high per capita energy use is bad, that we are facing any sort of natural depletion of our energy resources, and that government should, or can, do very much in an affirmative way about our energy situation. Like the authors of the Ford Foundation study, Skousen and Ferry conclude that government is the problem, not the solution. When price controls were lifted after World War II, they note, the result was an enormous increase in the number of producing oil wells.

THIS BOOK is especially useful because it explains in step-by-step fashion the basic concepts needed to grasp the underlying issues in the energy dispute, the technical lingo employed, and the findings of science with respect to our nation's vast, as yet untapped, supply of energy. In terms of ultimate reserves, it tells us, we have enough coal in this country to last more than five thousand years, enough petroleum liquids from all sources to last four hundred, and enough potential nuclear energy to last for several millennia, at current rates of consumption. There is no way that we are going to run out of any of these things in the foreseeable future. Our energy troubles, on this evidence, have been created by mistaken government policy, and not by the pressure of natural shortage. □

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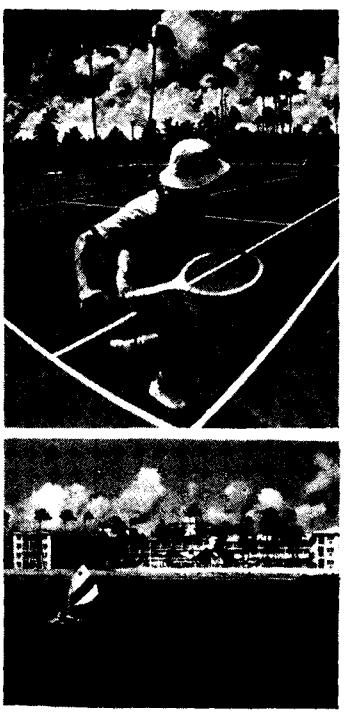

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BRIEFS

(Continued from page 1380)

Smart does Dr. Ober break new ground. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* deserves every bit of the put-down it gets, and the great poet Smart is shown to be saner than those who locked him up as a looney.

SELDEN RODMAN

THE READER OVER YOUR SHOULDER, *by Robert Graves and Alan Hodge (Vintage, 290 pp., $3.95; paperback).* The difference between this book and most books on English usage is like the difference between architecture and bricklaying. Graves and Hodge don't harp on a few rules as stodgy grammarians do; instead, they explain why good English needs to be written, and then they show how to write it. The authors promote the cause of simplicity and directness of expression. Furthermore, they demonstrate that without constant watchfulness even the greatest writers may err, often egregiously. While Graves and Hodge's ideas are scarcely original, their book is useful because it convinces the reader that—regardless of what the defenders of linguistic permissiveness say—"the writing of good English is a moral matter." The book includes a number of "principles of clear statement" which the authors refer to as they examine excerpts from works by a variety of distinguished writers—George Bernard Shaw, Bertrand Russell, T. S. Eliot, J. M. Keynes, H. G. Wells, and others—and then rewrite these passages, eliminating ambiguities and unnecessary words. Also of interest is the chapter which describes how English differs from other languages. The main disadvantage of English, say Graves and Hodge, is that the vernacular freedom of our language often leads to sloppiness: many Europeans consider English an illogical language unsuited for lucid thinking. But after reading this book, many of those Europeans might agree with the authors, who maintain that no other language "admits of such poetic exquisiteness" as carefully written English.

JEFF SORENSEN

ULTRA GOES TO WAR, *by Ronald Lewin (McGraw-Hill, 298 pp., $12.95).* The Enigma glow-lamp machine was as wondrous as its name. Invented by a Dutchman in 1919, marketed in the open by a German firm, it came secretly to influence battle decisions of Allied commanders in World War II. Enigma transformed sensible messages into garble for transmission by radio, then unscrambled them at the receiving end. Hitler's forces habitually encoded tactical information on Enigma devices and filled the airwaves with critically important gibberish. Ronald Lewin tells, in wondrous language, how a hush-hush British decoding outfit in a Victorian mansion in Buckinghamshire cracked the Reich's codes and monitored their message traffic undetected through VE Day. The operation was known as Ultra: a pet project of Churchill's from the start. The cream of England's thinkers—Oxford and Cambridge men—were, contrary to usual military personnel procedure, funneled to precisely the right place. As the Allies pushed through North Africa, Italy, and France, decoding units the Americans dubbed "secret limeys" monitored German field communications. Some of their findings, Lewin reports, were striking. They learned Rommel was crimped for supplies. They deduced the enemy wasn't expecting the Normandy landings. They realized Arnhem bridge, hard by a Nazi headquarters, was a foolish target. History demonstrates that not all Ultra's intelligence was acted upon or understood. But Lewin is all for Ultra's people—"all the brothers courageous, all the sisters virtuous." He early on confesses ignorance of Enigma's operating principles, but doesn't let that hobble him. Comfortably he speaks the magic language of cipher wizards. Loyal, self-effacing, literate, he can get away with murder. *Ultra Goes to War* is charming military history.

PAUL T. HORNAK

THE DUEL OF THE GIANTS: *China and Russia in Asia, by Drew Middleton (Scribner's, 241 pp., $10.95).* Mr. Middleton, military correspondent for the *New York Times*, calls his study "one man's assessment of the military, political, and economic situation in East Asia." Though written before Washington's establishment of diplomatic ties with Peking and the recent fighting in Southeast Asia, it is nonetheless as reliable an account of the current status and likely future course of Sino-Soviet relations as we can reasonably expect. Whatever the meaning of events in China since Mao's death, Middleton argues persuasively that Peking's fear and distrust of Moscow have not abated. The view from the Kremlin may be inferred from the sheer magnitude of Russia's military buildup along the Chinese border. Middleton convincingly details the vast superiority of the Muscovite military-industrial complex over the Chinese. But his most intriguing, if necessarily somewhat conjectural, pages deal with the likelihood, nature, and possible course of a major war between the two countries. Though neither imminent nor inevitable, such a showdown is, he opines, "probable." For the rest, he fears that, should a Sino-Soviet war come in the near future, the United States will be confronted with a very difficult decision: whether or not to send military supplies to a badly outmatched China in order to preclude a massive and decisive tilt of the vital Eurasian power balance in the direction of Moscow. Whatever one's personal response to such projections, one thing seems certain: we can best deter the Soviets from this and all ventures designed to effect a serious alteration in the world's balance of power only if our own power and the firmness of will required to use it are beyond question. Drew Middleton, meanwhile, provocatively surveys the potential for just such an ambitious Soviet venture.

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OLIVER

(Continued from page 1362)

Every ordinand is expected to lead a life which is a wholesome example to all people. There should be no barrier to the ordination of qualified persons of either heterosexual or homosexual orientation whose behavior the church considers wholesome. We reaffirm the traditional teaching of the Church on marital fidelity and sexual chastity as the standard of Christian sexual morality. Candidates for ordination are expected to conform to this standard. Therefore we believe it is not appropriate for this Church to ordain a practicing homosexual, or any person who is engaged in heterosexual relations outside of marriage.

Bishop Paul Moore of New York who "ordained" a lesbian in 1977, said he would continue ordaining homosexuals, relying on the "conscience clause," which was adopted by the bishops in 1977 to allow them *not* to follow the church's decision authorizing the ordination of women. No doubt he'll have company—but now they'll all have opposition.

The third significant action in Denver was the vote by the women of the Church (meeting at what is called the "Triennial") not to support the Equal Rights Amendment. Many felt that the Church should not get so involved in secular politics—a position that will scare the collars off many of the priests and bishops who have enjoyed the limelight of popular politics for the last two decades. Now instead of arguing strategy with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, beating mayors on the plight of the inner cities, or instructing Congress on the virtues of wage-price controls or the sinfulness of market allocation of gasoline, they may have to preach the Word of God.

Like the citizens of this Republic, Episcopalians have justifiably come to be nervous whenever triennial conventions are in session—but Denver should give them hope. True, women weren't disordained; the new prayer book, with its doctrinal and liturgical disasters, wasn't rejected; Bishop Moore wasn't made bishop of, and sent to, Uranus. But then Rome wasn't sacked in a day. A process may have begun in the Episcopal Church that people will look back upon as the beginning of a time when it was no longer possible to be an Episcopalian and not have it interfere with our religion. Or your life.

C'mon home, Keith. □

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Understanding Carter

On The Right

New York, Oct. 2—Concerning President Carter's speech about the Russian presence in Cuba and related—and unrelated—matters, a few observations:

1. Clearly the President does not realize that he positioned himself into saying that the word of Castro and Brezhnev is to be taken over that of our Central Intelligence Agency on the character of the Russian military unit in Cuba. Our analysts, surveying the photographs, characterize the three-thousand-man Russian brigade as an assault force. The Russians maintain that it is nothing of the sort, merely a training unit, and that, incidentally, we are liars. Without saying so in so many words, Mr. Carter appeared to be telling us that the Soviet unit is what the Russians claim it is.

2. Primarily he accomplished this by stressing that the unit did not pose "any immediate, concrete threat." Well, one always supposed that. Whatever one thinks of our deteriorated defenses, we should, if we get the cooperation of the Army, the Navy, the Marines, the Air Force, the Coast Guard, the Reserves, and perhaps the Secret Service, be able to cope with three thousand Russians even if they are trained as an assault unit. The point was never that Miami is in danger of being annexed by the Russians. The point is, and has been, a symbolic point.

3. As recently as one week before the President spoke, he had said publicly that the United States could not "settle" for the "status quo." Yet in his speech he appeared to be saying exactly that: that we *would* settle for the status quo. Sure, he has ordered a lot of dithering by the U.S. military—extra vacations of army personnel in Key West, a toyland amphibious operation with blank cartridges in Guantanamo, the resumption of reconnaissance flights over Cuba that should never have been suspended in the first instance. But this hardly validates Mr. Carter's pledge not to accept the status quo. What he clearly meant in objecting to the status quo was that the Soviet presence in that particular form was objectionable. Carter has retreated from that position.

4. As quickly and as dramatically as he could, Mr. Carter turned the subject to SALT II, and followed the usual practice of reminding us of the horrors of atomic war. Whenever he does this, he addresses us as though he were reading from a freshly discovered Dead Sea scroll. The senators who oppose SALT II know just as much about the horrors of atomic war as the senators who endorse SALT II. There is not a dime's worth of difference between Senator Cranston's horror of atomic war and Senator Jackson's. Nor do the opponents of SALT II take the position that the Soviet presence in Cuba tips the scales against the treaty. They will say what Henry Kissinger said, well before the presence of the Soviet unit was publicized, namely that a written understanding with the Soviet Union respecting strategic weapons cannot be evaluated without a comprehensive view of Soviet activity. That is to say, an agreement with the Soviet Union that constrains us in any way is not a sensible undertaking if simultaneously the Soviet Union is engaged in systematic deception and universal trouble-making. In a world in which the Soviet Union grows more powerful every day, flouting ancient hemispheric arrangements that date back to President Monroe, igniting fires in the Caribbean wherever it can, inflaming international opinion against peace and orderly development: in such a context it does not make sense to give up any of the alternatives we might wish to consider in order to recover strategic equivalence. The presence of the Soviet military in Cuba is a symbol—just one more symbol—of the aggressiveness of the Communists.

5. President Carter is both confused and confusing in the whole matter of linkage. He asks us to look at SALT II discretely, i.e., without any reference to what the Soviet Union is doing in the Caribbean, in Southeast Asia, in Africa, or in the Middle East. But SALT II is an integral part of a general policy. There are no water-tight bulkheads in our foreign policy. SALT II is about more merely than how many strategic silos per side. It is one component in the struggle to coexist with a superpower that has never deviated from its insistence that detente is a code word for the progressive pre-eminence of the Soviet Union over the rest of the world. □

ON PRAYING FOR THE POPE

New York, Sept. 28—Last Sunday at church, parishioners were asked to pray for Pope John Paul II, and this I shall most certainly do, even while respecting Murray Kempton's admonition, given to me over the telephone from Rome, that everything the Holy Spirit has confided to the Pope, the Pope knew already. One begins by acknowledging the extraordinary presence of a man whom even Teddy Kennedy will not succeed in upstaging.

Which brings us back to the question of praying for the Pope. We do not doubt, do we, that Senator Kennedy will be among those who greet the Pope at the airport in Boston on Monday? Very well: accept that as axiomatic—after all, Senator Kennedy is one of the three leading officials of the state. But the admixture is extremely dangerous. A combination of a) the Pope, b) Boston, c) Kennedy, and d) the current political mood suggests that some precautions should be taken by the Vatican to explain that the papacy will not likely be vacant in 1980, and that under the circumstances it is inappropriate to nominate Senator Kennedy for pope—though it will be difficult, one supposes, to prevent a write-in in Massachusetts. Senator Kennedy has adopted a rhetorical style well-suited to those who practice infallibility. It will be well to forewarn the Pope against any suggestion by Mr. Kennedy that socialized medicine be declared a doctrinal law of the church.

What one prays most fervently for is that the Pope will achieve, in his address to the United Nations, a tone of voice appropriate to a body whose preceding piece

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of business was to recognize the legitimacy of the government of Pol Pot to represent Cambodia. This vote by the General Assembly was jubilantly consummated, and the representatives of the high ideals of the United Nations lined up to embrace Cambodia's foreign minister in exile, who looked perfectly healthy notwithstanding the awful strain of nine months without executing a single Cambodian, or tossing a single Cambodian child into a trench.

Many journeymen of the world are given to devising individual laws, and indeed a book of such laws was recently published. I have only one entirely personal law, which I herewith divulge. It is this: It is not possible to give an appropriate speech in the United Nations. The reason is this: A speech that utters human truths is a speech offensive to the systematic practices of the rulers of a majority of the states whose representatives sit in the United Nations. Vatican II did not repeal the Ten Commandments, but any affirmation of the Ten Commandments in the General Assembly of the UN would be a most awful breach of protocol—one might as well go to a reception and pinch the behinds of the wives of all the ambassadors as to give a speech to the United Nations enjoining them not to kill, steal, and covet one's neighbor's goods.

On the other hand, if at the United Nations you deliver an address that ignores the awful differences between UN ideals, covenants, resolutions, and rhetoric, and the conduct of most of its members, you dishonor the word. And as the Pope knows, in the beginning was the Word.

So WHAT possibly can he say that meets simultaneously diplomatic and divine protocols? My guess is that that is primarily what we need to pray for. If on the morning of the scheduled talk the Pope contracts a paralyzing case of laryngitis, from which he is miraculously cured two hours later, know then that this petitioner's prayers have been answered.

Beyond that, we have to fear other exposures. When the Fourth of July 1976 came around, President Ford left New York having given the impression that the Statue of Liberty was his mother, and the Queen of England his younger sister. The politicians who will crowd about the Pope seeking political advantage will be hard even for the Secret Service to keep at bay. I would suggest firemen, using holy water. There will be an occaisonal drowning, to be sure: but how better to go, than drowned by holy water?

And there will be those who, in their conversations with the Pope, will seek to insinuate into his allocutions traces of their own program. Congressman Drinan, who is also a Jesuit priest, no doubt will read into something the Pope says a call for wage and price controls. Father Drinan is the congressman who, it has been reported, believes in abortion "only for women," a wisecrack the Pope might find as amusing as he would the latest adventures of Monty Python.

Well, these prayers are most fervently and dutifully dispatched, and we welcome His Holiness most ardently. □

DIDJA HEAR THE ONE ABOUT . . .

New York, Sept. 26—A group called Monty Python, a half-dozen comedians who issue from England, have been popularized in this country by PBS, which serializes their episodes most easily described as a National Lampoon romp through history. The rule, in this sort of thing, is that nothing, nobody, should be taken seriously. Much humor is based on simple iconoclasm ("Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" "That was no lady, that was my wife"). Which crawls over at the morbid end of the spectrum to gallows humor ("Yes, Mrs. Lincoln, but apart from that how did you enjoy the play?").

It is inevitable that performers will cross the line. It is inevitable that people will tell jokes about the suffering of others, or jokes that make fun of whole races or religions. It is not inevitable that mature critics will encourage that sort of thing.

The Monty Python people now come out with a movie in which the life of Christ is burlesqued. When Christ said that the meek would inherit the earth, the Monty Python people got this as "the Greek" shall inherit the earth, because they couldn't hear the words exactly. Blessed are the peacemakers is heard by Monty Python at the edge of the crowd as blessed are the cheesemakers. Easy stuff for a professional scriptwriter trained in inversion, an equivalent of which would be the husband reporting to his wife that at his inaugural President Lincoln had counseled charity toward none, malice for all.

But Monty Python will not be stopped until he reaches Golgotha and is crucified. This scene becomes a great comic orgy. The criminal being crucified next to Monty Python becomes more and more cheerful according as the pains become more and more excruciating, and in the end leads the dying man in a bright tune called "The Bright Side of Life." After which, it is consummated.

Mr. Richard Schickel, the principal movie reviewer for *Time* magazine, has the strangest comments of the season on this grotesquerie. "Adolescents are flocking to [Monty Python] as if it were another *Animal House*. But it is a richer, funnier, more daring film—too good to be left solely to the kids. Maybe all the earnest protests"—Mr. Schickel is referring to the Catholics, Protestants, and Jews who have issued a solemn denunciation of this venture in blasphemy—"will attract those who need it most: adults who have not had their basic premises offended, and therefore have not examined them, in too long."

Everyone writes hasty sentences in the course of a long journalistic career, but this one will stand out in any anthology. We are told that all our basic premises need occasionally to be "offended." Well, one of our basic premises is that people ought not to be persecuted on account of their race or religion. Is Mr. Schickel saying that we should have an occasional holocaust? Or is he saying that if we go for a stretch of time without a holocaust, at least we ought to engage the Monty Python players to do a comedy based on Auschwitz? With the characters marching into the gas chamber dancing, say the mamba? Led by Anne Frank?

A BASIC PREMISE of our society is tenderness toward, for instance, aging parents. We are enjoined by Mr. Schickel, if we read him right, to toss them out into the street from time to time; or if that is not feasible, either because we lack the courage or are lazy about it, Monty Python might do a comedy based on the frailties of the elderly. It is a basic institutional premise of our society that the minority bow to the majority after every election. Schickel, in the absence of an occasional revolution against this institutional protocol, would perhaps produce a comedy celebrating the delights of anti-democratic tyranny.

And those societies that do not offend their basic premises by constructing a Gulag Archipelago could at least run a Broadway play on *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* in which the lines are written so that every time Ivan is seized by dysentery, or frostbitten, or flogged, or bends over with the cramps of hunger, we can laugh and laugh, feel sorry for those so calcified in their sentiments as to make earnest protests, and delve happily into the popcorn.

The First Commandment, which enjoins us not to take in vain the name of the Lord, is unrelated to a carefree expletive when you stub your toe, or lose money in the stock market, or lose three straight sets at tennis. It is commandingly august as an injunction against an inversion of those few qualities that distinguish us from the beasts, and there is no period, not even the *Fasching* in Munich or the Carnival in Rio, or Monty Python, when we are relieved of the obligation to experience sorrow at man's inhumanity to man, let alone man's inhumanity to God. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A creature with too much sense to bet on a man — 8 109 181 147 167 10 157 121 197

B. Disjointed — 17 29 38 72 119 6 198 22 52 135

C. A youth who became a flower (not LaGuardia!) — 45 7 11 175 99 161 196 169 215

D. A means of communication that's faster than telephone, telegraph, telewoman — 53 142 149 70 162 199 213 103 205

E. What meter readers might be called — 62 44 2 35 131 140 126 160 195 216 / 151 180

F. Collection into an unorganized whole — 93 60 68 75 83 105 122 217 132 136 / 145

G. A nuisance to carry when the storm lets up — 107 49 134 61 207 182 63 143

H. Drew or traced the outline of — 124 206 100 184 71 193 87 48 146

I. What a sleepy member of the majority might be doing — 23 56 5 31 79 82 97

J. Ponderous — 139 214 88 73 171 153 64 101 59 96 / 187

K. Where a railroad worker walked himself to death, looking for a corner to hide in — 148 168 173 183 163 203 208 13 18 120

L. A port in Indiana — 128 41 89 112 123 170 212 219 16 28 / 34 127

M. A big league team that had quite a few Southerners on it — 178 90 110 210 154

N. Remote in space or time — 9 104 159 3 36 55

O. WE ASK CURT — 1 32 192 14 21 57 66 24 176

P. "My soul doth ____ the Lord." —Luke 1:46 — 12 129 65 194 174 20 43

Q. What a coroner sometimes conducts — 33 150 172 98 74 111 137

R. A weapon used to frustrate strikers — 40 4 209 50 190 156 166

S. The University of Michigan's athletic director, 1921-1941 — 77 19 155 165

T. A seaport on the Adriatic — 86 185 108 39 116 51

U. Open shelves used for bric-a-brac — 118 42 54 81 92 130 106

V. MAD PEP — 26 37 114 158 144 201

W. Short rapid transportation + six + an Egyptian sun god = a girl's name — 58 186 84 95 179 141

X. The square of this number = what the budget will soon be — 91 15 76 94 113 115 133

Y. A type of stole — 191 25 164

Z. This might describe a body of soldiers or a group of ships — 200 46 117 218 78 202

a. A toothed bar with which a pawl engages — 204 67 211 220 138 85 189

b. A joint of the human arm — 221 177 27 102 152

c. To rely — 125 30 47 69 80 188

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 1384 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

						1 O		2 E	3 N	4 R	5 I		6 B	7 C	8 A		9 N	10 A	11 C
	12 P	13 K	14 O	15 X	16 L		17 B	18 K		19 S	20 P	21 O	22 B	23 I		24 O	25 Y	26 V	27 b
28 L	29 B	30 c	31 I		32 O	33 Q	34 L	35 E		36 N	37 V	38 B	39 T	40 R	41 L	42 U	43 P		44 E
45 C		46 Z	47 c	48 H	49 G	50 R	51 T	52 B	53 D		54 U		55N	56 I	57 O	58 W	59 J	60 F	61 G
	62 E	63 G	64 J	65 P	66 O	67 a	68 F	69 c		70 D	71 H	72 B	73 J	74 Q	75 F	76 X	77 S		78 Z
79 I	80 c	81 U		82 I	83 F	84 W	85 a	86T		87 H	88J	89 L	90 M	91 X	92 U		93 F		94 X
95 W	96 J	97 I	98 Q	99 C	100H	101J		102b	103D		104N		105F	106U	107G	108T	109A	110M	
111Q	112L	113X	114V		115X	116T	117Z	118U		119B	120K		121A	122F	123L	124H		125c	126E
127L		128L	129P	130U	131E	132F	133X	134G		135B	136F		137Q	138a	139J		140E	141W	142D
143G	144V	145F	146H	147A	148K		149D	150Q	151E		152b	153J	154M		155S	156R	157A	158V	159N
160E	161C	162D	163K		164Y	165S		166R	167A	168K	169C	170L	171J		172Q	173K	174P	175C	176O
177b	178M		179W	180E	181A	182G	183K	184H	185T	186W	187J	188c		189a	190R		191Y	192O	193H
194P	195E		196C	197A	198B	199D	200Z	201V		202Z	203K	204a	205D	206H		207G	208K	209R	210M
211a	212L	213D	214J	215C		216E	217F		218Z	219L	220a	221b							

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atomic Bond.

Using tiny explosive charges, Western Electric engineers are bonding metals with the elemental "glue" of the Universe.

Here's how it works. The atoms of all metals have a natural attraction for one another. If it weren't for the ever-present film of impurities coating the surface—the oxides, nitrides, and absorbed gasses—all metal atoms would bond to each other when brought together.

Exploding Things Together.

But the force of a high-intensity explosion on two adjacent metals will clean away the film of impurities. The explosion literally "blows" the impurities off the surfaces. So the atoms of the different metals can bond together.

The bond that results is stronger than both of the metals themselves.

As an industrial technique, explosive bonding has proved valuable in the manufacture of such heavyweight products as bi-metallic gun barrels.

Pinpoint Explosions.

But how would explosives work in the delicate, intricate world of telephone circuitry?

Scientists at Western Electric's Engineering Research Center solved the problem by developing ways to miniaturize and control explosive bonding. Soon, they could splice the ends of two thin communications wires inside a miniature explosive-coated sleeve.

And they could repair tiny defective contacts on delicate circuit boards. These gold contacts (membrane-thin "fingers" 1/10 by 3/4 of an inch) are reclad by thin sheets of gold foil (.0005 inches thick), coated with explosives. The repairs are literally "blown" onto the contacts, without disturbing the delicate circuitry less than 1/10 of an inch away.

Miniaturized explosive bonding is only one way we're helping your Bell Telephone Company hold down the cost of your telephone service today. For the future, it promises the benefits of bonding widely disparate metals and all sorts of other materials.

You Can Take It For Granted.

Most important, explosive bonds are contributing to the clarity of communications, the reliability of switching, the taken-for-granted assurance you have when you reach for your telephone.

The atomic bond—it's another innovation from Western Electric.

Keeping your communications system the best in the world.

Western Electric

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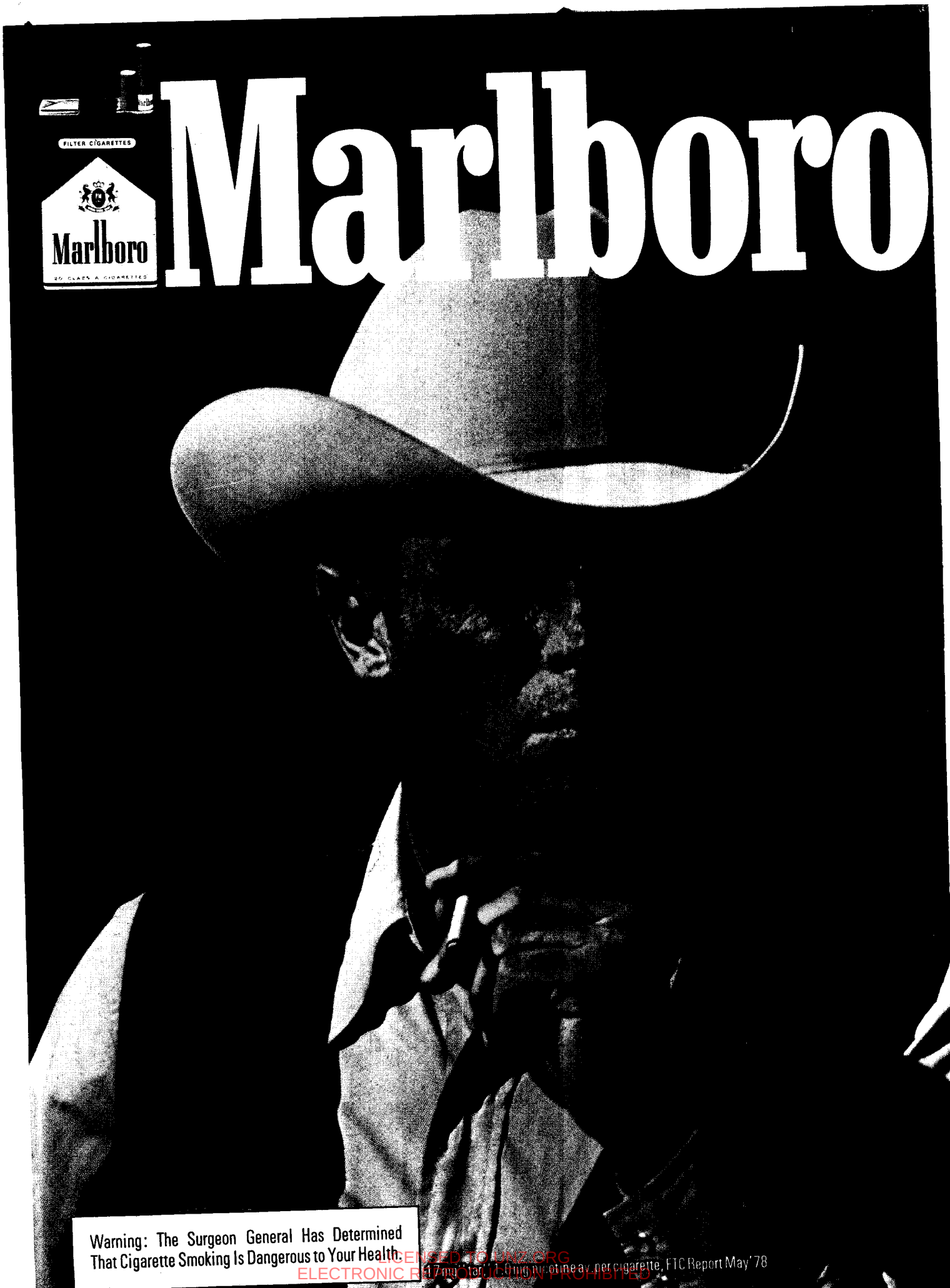
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
17mg "tar," 1.1mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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